

SCOURGE OF AFRICA



THE GREAT "KILIMNJARO TUSKS," THE LARGEST PAIR OF ELEPHANT'S TEETH OF WHICH THERE IS ANY AUTHENTIC RECORD, AS THEY STOOD OUTSIDE THE CARVED TEAKWOOD DOORWAY OF THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE IN ZANZIBAR

IVORY SCOURGE OF AFRICA

BY
E. D. MOORE

*My beloved . . . his body is as ivory . . .
O prince's daughter! . . . Thy neck is like
the tower of ivory. . . .*

—SONG OF SOLOMON



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IVORY

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FIRST EDITION

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*I, too, have slept in the arms of Zanzibar, have
been her slave, and am her lover still. To her,
lovely and cruel mistress, I dedicate this volume
of her misdeeds*

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INTRODUCTION

DESPITE the almost universal interest in so romantic and fascinating a subject as ivory, it is not often that we have a book about it; and we have never had such an account, both comprehensive and true, of the *gathering* of ivory, as this volume.

What ivory really has meant to Africa is little understood. But, in fact, the whole of our known history of Central Africa, the exploration and subjugation of the country by the Arabs, the spreading and extent of the slave trade, the journeys of the European explorers and missionaries, the coming of the Powers and the subsequent territorial division of the central part of the continent, all are inextricably tangled with man's greed for ivory. It is not too much to say that an understanding of the story of Central Africa hardly can be complete or adequate without a knowledge of the quest for it.

In my volume, *Ivory and the Elephant*, I wrote of the evolution of the elephant, described its ivory scientifically, and from the viewpoint of a connoisseur told of the great collections of carved ivories and the masters in that graceful medium.

Mr. Moore has made available the other side of the picture—the story of what ivory has meant in terms of

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human beings, intrigues and politics, bloodshed and piracy. The quest of this one form of precious ornament—"the pearl of the forest"—was carried on as a great organization run by Mohammedan business men in Zanzibar, the colorful history of which has not hitherto been told; it made many thousands of black men slaves; it built an empire ruled by an outlaw; it caused wars and bred a race of brutal traders and a tribe of thieves, the king of whom was Tippoo Tib, the greatest poacher that the world has seen.

Nearly all the available facts about ivory have so far been related by specialists or by persons who have never seen the places they describe. Mr. Moore has not only resided four and one-half years in Zanzibar and neighboring countries, but during that period has bought hundreds of tons of ivory, practically all of which has come from Equatorial Africa. He knew the men whose adventurous careers he tells, and the dangerous business upon which they were engaged.

Remembering that time has effaced the mammoth and the mastodon, of which all that we have and know are some skeletal and other remains from the Arctic and the mastodon from a number of places in the United States, the writer years ago became much concerned with the approaching extinction of the great animal upon which grew the two ivory tusks, and the ruthless manner in which elephants have been and continue to be destroyed calls for their immediate protection.

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I can remember when the transcontinental railroads were completed, how the trains were halted so that the passengers could each shoot one or more bison, and were it not for the enterprise of the Canadian and American parks in raising a few thousand in captivity, we should not have even this pitiable remnant of the vast herds that ran into millions. When I was a boy, the skies in the Middle West were black with passenger pigeons, but they were slaughtered in countless numbers, being killed with clubs, rakes and shovels, so that already twenty-five years ago scarcely a single living example of this splendid bird remained in existence, and now they are wholly extinct. To remedy a similar situation, the United States Government has intervened just in time to prevent the extinction of the fur seal.

I doubt if a volume has appeared which was written about a more romantic field; or described more interesting personalities than this one—the African conquerors, explorers, traders, and chieftans: Livingstone, Stanley, Tippoo Tib, and all those others who took part with both sides.

GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ

*April 29, 1931.
New York City.*

FOREWORD

IVORY! A name to conjure with!

It calls up the dripping forests of inner Africa, great gray moving forms of noble and majestic elephants, the crack of rifle-shots, the thud of falling bodies, and lines of black men marching off with gleaming tusks balanced on their bobbing heads. True enough; and that is nearly all the story, in these later days.

But only fifty years ago it would have been but a corner of the canvas. Ivory-hunting was not a sport, then, but a cruel, bloody business, as terrible a vocation as the world has ever seen.

For ivory, in the last half of the nineteenth century, was literally the curse and scourge of Central Africa. The lovely substance might well have been, as the cruel sequence showed, so much explosive that needed but a fleeting spark, so much tinder that asked only a sweeping torch, to burst into a cataclysm of flame and destruction. The bloodshed and cruelty, the inhumanity and suffering the precious ivory caused, never can be fully known.

Ivory fastened on the vast interior of the great continent all the barbarities and horrors of the Arab slave trade. The quest for ivory turned thousands of square miles of fertile country into a wilderness of rapine, plun-

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der, and fire-blackened ruin. Hundreds of thousands of mighty elephants were slain; but for every elephant that perished for its ivory a dozen human lives were wrecked or snuffed out in the search, the seizure, and the transport of it. The fate of the unhappy land in those years of ivory-raiding makes an almost incredible story. Yet true it is.

Zanzibar, that smiling, mystic garden, was the Moslem capital whence the Arab raiders set out on their inhuman errands. During all the turbulent period of which I write my people lived and traded there for the ivory spoil the Arabs brought out from the depths of the mysterious interior. I cut my teeth on ivory in more ways than one, and in my turn went to Africa to trade for the precious stuff; and I dare say I held in my own hands as many large ivory tusks as any man in the world in my time, as my predecessors had in theirs. Some of the sweating blacks who laid the ivory before me had been the Arabs' slaves, had carried their stolen tusks, shouldered their loads and guns.

From them, in large measure, I gathered the story of the Scourge of Africa, of the ivory treasure that was garnered in the blood of beast and man in a welter of cruelty and carnage that the world never will see again.

I cannot discourse on ivory carvings, of chryselephantine art or craftsmanship, but I can tell you of the greatest collections of ivory that ever were gathered, and something of what they cost.

ERNST D. MOORE

THE LEDGES,
Chester, Connecticut.

G L O S S A R Y

The vowels are sounded as in Italian, and the accent is on the penultimate syllable

- askari—*a native soldier in European employ*
bakshishi—*a tip or gratuity*
boma—*a fortified post or station*
Cadi—*a judge*
doti—*a muslin cloth, yard wide by eight yards long*
dusturi—*custom, by which the Waswahili are ruled*
frasilah—*an Arab unit of weight equaling thirty-five of our pounds*
fundu—*a skilled workman*
godown—*a storehouse or vault for merchandise*
hamal—*a native laborer*
hongo—*a tax or tribute*
Inshallah—*with the help of Allah*
kirangozi—*the flag-bearer of a caravan*
Kiswahili—*the language of the Waswahili*
lakh—*one hundred thousand*
merikani—*unbleached cotton cloth from America*
mzigi-zigi—*a heavy ivory tusk that has been carried between two porters*
mzungu—*a white man*

GLOSSARY

ngoma—*a native dance*

pagazi—*a native porter*

shamba—*a plantation, usually of cocoanut or clove trees*

shenzi—*a raw savage of the interior*

tembe—*a wall-inclosed Arab dwelling*

Waswahili—*the Afro-Arab people of Zanzibar and the
East African coast*

zeriba—*a fortified trading-post*

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I

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I

ZANZIBAR is an island jewel; the diadem of old Azania. Look on the map just beyond the further edge of Africa, almost on the waist line of the world, and there you will find the romantic name.

The beauty of this tropic island, a mass of palms sprinkled with pastel-colored houses and rimmed with coral sand, is overwhelming. As one draws near the lovely, verdant spot basking in the brilliant sunshine that overlays it and the water round about, it seems a gorgeous emerald laid on a velvet cloth of ocean blue, a bit of jade set in a turquoise sea.

Once one has passed the rampart wall of rainbow-colored dwellings that crowd and sit behind the sparkling beach, there is a tangled maze of crooked, winding Oriental streets and alleys hardly wider than the stretch of a man's arms. Doors magnificently carved of ebony and teak, studded with gleaming brass, appear on all sides, and latticed balconies and silken awnings pass overhead. The scent of pungent spices assails the nostrils, and the provocative perfumes of Arab women disturb one

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strangely. Here throng between the close-set walls all the castes of India, the tribes of eastern Africa, the nationalities of Europe, Muscat Arabs and their bastard progeny, the Waswahili, in all shades of brown and black, according to the number of the slave girls who have given of their blood.

This is the spot for going to the devil as quickly and as pleasantly, or as terribly, as anywhere on this earth. The lusts, the magnificent debaucheries, the loathsome afflictions have caught and ruined more men, of all hues and kinds, than ever will be counted, for the fevers of the place are not so bad as they have been painted.

The fatalistic blood-red flag of Zanzibar floats lazily above it all.

II

And never was the color of a banner more appropriate to the land over which it waves. For the Zanzibari emblem might well be an Arab turban dipped in the gore of murdered men and slaves; its staff a tusk of ivory from a slaughtered elephant.

Slaves, and tusks of ivory! That was the bait of old Zanzibar. Those two treasures, as blood-stained commodities as any the world has ever known, drew the adventurers of centuries to her. The Arabs came first, a thousand years ago, almost; and five centuries after, the first Europeans stumbled on the littoral. They were the Portuguese, on their way to India to succeed where

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Columbus had failed. The Portygees found the Arabs reigning in undisputed power all along the coast, with Zanzibar the capital of the far-flung, loosely knit Moslem dominion. Zanzibar, an Oriental city peopled with a new kind of half-caste race, the Waswahili, begotten by the Arab conquerors and the African slave women with whom they filled their harems.

The narrow streets of Zanzibar were full of slaves. Fettered lines of them wound through the town, the slave-owner at the head, calling off the prices as he walked. The houses of Zanzibar were filled with slaves who waited on their Arab masters; the *shambas*, or plantations, outlying the city were manned by slaves who tilled the soil and gathered the fruits of the swaying palms.

The *dhows* that lay at anchor off the town were packed with slaves awaiting transport to Arabia and the Gulf. Slaves lay on the sloping beach, dead slaves, not worth the burying, thrown there to rot and decompose until the tide floated their bloated bodies off to sea. The store-rooms of the Arab merchants were heaped with ivory tusks that, like the slaves, came from Africa across the way.

The Portuguese saw the treasure fount of this white and black gold of Africa as it spouted forth. They fought the Arabs for its possession, not for one year or for two, not for one decade or for two, but for over two hundred years; and Portugal was then in her prime, one of the great, if not the greatest maritime power in all the world.

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But the Arabs matched Christian savagery with Moslem savagery, and beat them and were beaten, and drove them out and were driven out, until finally, when Portugal was bled white, the Arab veins were still coursing blood, and the Portuguese were driven out for the last time. Then the Zanzibari Arab was again the master of the central east coast, and there was no one to say him nay for at least another century.

Under this later Arab rule, from the time of the final repulse of the Portuguese to the end of the Arabs' independent sovereignty at the end of the nineteenth century, Zanzibar was destined to write some of the most cruel and bloodiest history the world has ever known.

The primary lure which led the Zanzibari Arabs on to the foul and awful deeds which paled their earlier iniquities, which resulted in the enslavement, murder, and most poignant sufferings of millions of God's images in ebony, which led to the devastation and depopulation of hundreds of thousands of square miles of the surface of unhappy Africa and the wanton killing of vast herds of that noble and majestic animal, the elephant, was *ivory*.

This then, is to be a story of the *acquisition* of ivory, and of the part the precious spoil of the elephant played in the destiny of the Dark Continent in the most stirring period of its history. In all likelihood, never in any other land or time has the natural treasure of a continent brought upon itself such a fate, over so immense a territory, as was Africa's in the last half of the nineteenth

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century. The deeds of the Pizarros and of Cortez in their seizure of the yellow gold of the Americas were overmatched by those of the Zanzibar Arabs in their plundering of the white gold of Africa.

III

This cannot be, you understand, the history of ivory, for that would call for many volumes, and cover all the ages, lands, and peoples, nearly, of the earth. For the cry for ivory was, in the times which we shall cover, no new thing at all. It had come down through the ages; we have only to turn the pages of the writings of the world to find the yearning for the precious stuff in almost every land and age. Ivory has been written of since time immemorial, and has ever been a synonym for luxury and beauty in civilization and of barbaric splendor in the savage countries of the world. Its uses have typified the extent of the art and craftsmanship, the creative imaginings and splendor, of the times and lands in which we find it.

The work of one of the earliest artists of whom we have any example is scratched on a few broken bits of prehistoric ivory, which, pieced together, show the picture of a hairy mammoth sketched by a human contemporary.

Of Solomon, so Kings and Chronicles tells us, "the king made a great throne of ivory," and to him "once

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every three years came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

Ezekiel laments the ruin of Tyre, and tells of its riches, "Thy builders . . . have made thy benches of ivory inlaid in boxwood," and of its commerce, "the men of Dedan . . . brought thee . . . horns of ivory and ebony," in all likelihood from Ethiopia across the Red Sea. The very galleys of Tyre, according to Pliny, had benches of ivory.

The ancient Hebrews trafficked in ivory with Assyria. Ivory sculptures and plaques have come from the ruins of Nineveh. In the days of Thotmes III, fourteen centuries before Christ, cargoes of ebony and ivory drifted down the Nile, and the Egyptians sent Seostris, the Persian, a tribute of gold and twenty large elephant tusks.

The Iliad tells of the trappings of horses being studded with ivory, and the Odyssey of the bosses of shields, and the handles of keys of ivory, and roofs inlaid with "the spoils of elephants." The statue to Jupiter Olympus, wrought by Phidias of marble, ivory and beaten gold, was among the Seven Wonders of the World. We have fragments of ivory statuettes from Knossos, in ancient Crete, and carvings from Cyprus, from a thousand to two thousand years before the Christian era.

Rome, when she ruled the world, drew immense quantities of ivory from her African conquests, so that ivory was used not only for the seats and benches of the Senate, but for many common articles of daily use, and for the

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most fantastic purposes; the favorite horse of Caligula the tyrant ate from an ivory manger.

Thrones of ivory stretch across the ages, for there is the ivory throne of Solomon, the ivory throne sent by Hezekiah, King of Judah, as tribute to Sennacherib, the throne of ivory the Roman Senate sent to the Etruscan king, Por-senna, and the ivory throne sent from Travancore by its Indian prince to his Empress, Victoria of Britain. Perhaps here we should include the ivory chair, inlaid with gold, of Suleiman the Magnificent, in which he sat while, on the feast of Bairam, all the harem women came to kiss the unspeakable Turkish foot.

From the earliest times the use of ivory for the carving of religious figures, for plaques and tablets, for the making of all manner of common small objects, as a material for painting and decoration, has been widespread among masters and craftsmen in all the countries of the civilized world; and it continues to this day as an exquisite medium of expression in the sculptural and decorative arts. It has well been said that the use of ivory as a material of beauty has been so constant and universal that it involves the world's art in all ages.

The almost insatiable demand from the whole civilized world for ivory resulted, in passing centuries, in curious ups and downs in the supply of the precious article. The Romans were so voracious in their eagerness for ivory, and put it to such common and fantastic uses in such large quantities, that by the beginning of the Christian

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era the then-known sources of ivory were nearly completely drained, whereas only a few hundred years before, according to the Greek historian Polybius, it was so plentiful in Ethiopia (the Abyssinia of today) that the natives used tusks for door posts and for stockades in their fields.

But with the fall of Rome the reckless expenditures of ivory ceased, and during the following centuries ivory became plentiful once more. It was not until the artistic impetus of the Renaissance was felt that ivory again became in great demand; and then as this new fruitful age developed, it sent the traders and explorers of all Europe pressing further afield; and in their adventuring they encountered new lands wherein the elephant flourished in greater numbers than had ever been known before.

The greatest new sources of ivory tusks were discovered by the Portuguese, through their discoveries and conquests in Angola, on Africa's west coast, and in the territory of Mozambique, on the eastern shore. Here the coasts swarmed with elephants, and the natives had vast stores of ivory. But the Portuguese, driven by the same unbridled and unprincipled greed as the old Romans, obtained such vast quantities of old and new ivory, which was again used so prodigally, that by the middle of the seventeenth century the available supply was again almost exhausted. Then a little later the Dutch began to collect ivory in the new fields of their South African settlements, and the supply rose again; and gradually further

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search and exploration penetrated the country and enlarged the sources of the ivory supply, so that in recent years, with the opening up of the central portion of the continent, the supply of ivory has fairly held its own with the demand for it. In fact, there was once again a plethora of ivory, at the beginning of what we might call the modern trade in East African ivory, in the middle of the nineteenth century—when the Dark Continent disgorged once more mountains of ivory tusks, amid scenes of travail and suffering such as even tragic Africa had never seen before, and certainly never will again.

The story of ivory in that time is the story of central Africa itself in the darkest hours of all its unhappy history.

IV

This turbulent threescore or so of years opened with the appearance on the east coast of Africa of the first of the modern traders who came to barter with the Arabs along the coast from Mogadishu south to Cape Delgado. There the Salem Yankees, the Hansa merchants, and the other traders found, not a few tribes of miserable, naked, cowering savages ignorant of the value of the produce of the land, but a civilized, proud, fighting race of Muscat Arabs, ruled by their prince, Seyyid Said, one of the greatest sons the land of Oman ever bore. The Arabs had ruled the littoral, we have seen, first by discovery and settlement, and then by the bloody business of bat-

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tle and conquest. It was a full century after the Arabs had driven the Portuguese off the coast opposite Zanzibar for good before the Yankee and European traders flocked to the coast.

The products of the littoral and hinterland were few, and all of its appreciable wealth, then, was in two of them—ivory and slaves. It was to trade for this wealth in elephant tusks and human bodies and to lead a life of indolent content amid the harems and slaves that could be obtained so easily so near at hand, that the Arabs had built their settlements along the coast.

The Arabs had been slavers, of course, right along, not only here, but long before they had left Arabia; and from this coast had come the slaves of their homeland. Here they bought the native women from the near-by mainland chiefs, or raided the coast fringe for them, and stocked their harems with them; and from the lechery of this association evolved the present Swahilis of the eastern coast, and the Arab-Bantu language, Kiswahili. The Arabs traded for the ivory, which until the coming of the Europeans went to Arabia, Persia, and India. But this local slavery, and the traffic in ivory, had been slight compared with what was to follow.

In the first penetration of the adjacent interior, the acquisition of ivory was confined to the ways of peaceful barter with the native chiefs and their subjects. The Arabs proceeded inland with their trading caravans, and as they neared the important settlements sent messengers

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of good will ahead to assure the inhabitants of their peaceful and friendly intentions; made "blood-brotherhood" with the chiefs (although this was done by proxy, since the Moslem could not taste blood), paid them a stipulated tax on all the ivory purchased, and another *hongo* for the privilege of entering or passing through the country; and lastly, as the only means of transporting the ivory was on the heads and shoulders of human carriers, made contracts with the chieftains for the services of a sufficient number of their subjects or slaves to carry the tusks to the coast. This was the only way in which the Arabs could enter and emerge from the country, for, armed with only the daggers in their belts, and the swords and spears carried by their bodyguards, their safety, once in the interior, depended on their good relations with the native chiefs. But by their fair dealings with the savages, and the payments of the transit and ivory taxes in all the jurisdictions through which they passed, they merited their old saying that "an Arab can walk through Africa armed only with a cane." Early in the nineteenth century they were established all over the country from the Zanzibar littoral to the great lakes, Victoria, Tanganyika, and Nyassa, many decades before the first European explorers ever gazed upon those inland seas. At the focal points of the various trade routes they settled, planted their gardens, established their harems, and enforced a semblance of law and order in the vicinities. And as legitimate trade generally is followed by material prog-

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ress, the Arabs apparently were destined to advance the savage countries through their exploitation of the one great source of wealth, the ivory, the only product which could pay the cost of its transport.

But unfortunately this peaceful progress was to be interrupted. The catastrophe had its beginnings, curiously enough, in the advent of our own civilization, in the persons of European and American traders at the capital of the Zanzibari dominions, the city of Zanzibar. The traders of the more civilized northern lands hardly can be held responsible, yet never has there been a more bitter example of the "curse of civilization" than in the events that followed their appearance.

For when, soon after the coming of the Yankee, British, French, German, Portuguese, and other traders in force in the middle third of the last century, the Arabs' demands for guns and powder in exchange for the coveted ivory were fulfilled, the economics and exigencies of the situation changed abruptly. And this brings us to the time, the tragic, bloody time, to the darkest days of Darkest Africa.

Now, owing to the power of their firearms over the spears and bows and arrows of the savages, no longer was it necessary to buy the ivory from the weaker chiefs and tribes, or contract with the chieftains for a sufficient number of their slaves or subjects to carry the ivory to the coast. All the Arabs had to do, where their force would permit, was to seize the ivory they found in the

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native villages or terrorize the natives into bringing it to them; and then, after draining the district of its accumulated elephants' teeth, capture enough living human bodies to transport the ivory to Bagamoyo, Mombasa, or Mtanga on the ocean. Or in some cases, where an early show of force was imprudent or otherwise impracticable, they bartered the slaves they had acquired in distant regions or the German beads and Yankee muslin and British gewgaws they had brought from Zanzibar, for the ivory the natives fetched in from round about; and when they were ready to return, they set fire to the villages, overcame and bound the surprised and frightened savages as they rushed out from their burning huts into the confusion of flame and smoke and shots and Arab yells, loaded the ivory on their heads, and marched off for the coast.

And then, since they were under no obligation to return the ivory carriers as they had been in the days of contract with the chiefs, they took the captured humans also to Zanzibar and sold them there along with the ivory they had carried. Then, with two commodities to share the overhead, the profits jumped to dazzling heights and ivory raiding became Big Business. Soon the interior swarmed with Arab pillagers. Caravans, expeditions, even small armies of them, armed with muzzle-loaders and financed in Zanzibar by Arab and Indian traders, stole, burned, murdered, and enslaved through all of Central Africa.

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"The Arabs," wrote Drummond of his travels to the north of Lake Nyassa *less than fifty years ago*, "hold the whole continent under one reign of terror. They possess firearms for one object, ivory and slaves, for these two are one. The slaves are needed to buy ivory with; then more slaves have to be stolen to carry it. So living man himself has become the commercial currency of Africa. Arab encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade in this terrible commodity are now established all over the heart of Africa. They are usually connected with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast, and communication is kept up by caravans which pass, at long intervals, from one to the other. Being always large and well supplied with the material of war, these caravans have at their mercy the feeble and divided native tribes through which they pass, and their trail across the continent is darkened with every aggravation of tyranny and crime. They come upon the scene suddenly; they stay only long enough to secure their end, and disappear only to return when a new crop has arisen which is worth the reaping.

"Sometimes these Arab traders will actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship; they molest no one; they barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay forever. Meantime they buy ivory, tusk after tusk, until

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great piles of it are buried beneath their huts and all their barter-goods are gone. Then one day, suddenly, the inevitable quarrel is picked. And then follows a wholesale massacre. Enough only are spared from the slaughter to carry the ivory to the coast; the grass huts of the village are set on fire, the Arabs strike camp, and the slave-march, worse than death, begins. Like a river, a slave caravan has to be fed by innumerable tributaries all along its course—at first in order to gather a sufficient volume of human bodies for the start, and afterwards to replace the frightful loss by desertion, disablement, and death.”

v

The simple, child-like savages of central Africa did not know, before the Arabs came, of the value that the unknown, outside world placed upon the elephant tusks which were to be found in every village employed for the commonest purposes. But the Arabs, vanguard of the civilized world that had cherished the lovely ivory since time immemorial, knew its value if the savage inhabitants did not; and when they came from Muscat and the Persian Gulf and began in earnest the settlement of the eastern shore of equatorial Africa, they immediately commenced there the quest for the white treasure that had hitherto, since the dawn of history, come out of Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of old, and Egypt. And thus began another part of the strange mixture of services

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and disservices with which ivory has blessed and cursed the world.

For now the search for ivory led the Arabs first farther and farther along the coast, and then deeper and deeper into the hinterlands, and the geographical and commercial knowledge thus gained spread to all the Moslem world, and then filtered to the other countries and lands, Christian and otherwise, beyond. So it is that Marco Polo the Venetian, gave us, as he wrote at the end of the fourteenth century, strange tales that he had heard in his travels of a mysterious land of Zanguebar to the south, where "elephants are found in vast numbers, and their teeth form an important article of trade."

Then hundreds of years after the Arabs had descended upon the east coast, the Dutch and English settled in the southern end of Africa. Their hunters and adventurers, in turn, pursued the elephant for his ivory almost from the very tip of the mystic continent, and on their return to the settlements gave their pioneering compatriots their earliest first-hand knowledge of the savage countries that lay to the north.

Decades again passed, and then came the missionaries and explorers, headed by the immortal Livingstone, who passed from Zanzibar into the darkness of eastern Africa, to unfold the horrible tale of the slave-and-ivory trade that the Arabs had established all through the vast central region of the continent. To stop this huge, extended traffic in human souls, with the lust for ivory as its driv-

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ing force, came the European Powers themselves, and Central Africa began to pass from the mysterious to the known. And so ivory has its share, and a large one, too, for our present knowledge of the mid-African scene, for the drafting of "the map that is half unrolled."

A strange stuff altogether, this ivory which gave joy and beauty to the outside world, which brought death and suffering and cruelty to its own, and drew aside the curtain which had for ages shielded Darkest Africa.

II

IVORY AND DISCOVERY

I

WHEN we say that this or that explorer "discovered" such and such a lake or river or mountain in Central Africa, we may at once, if we have due heed for accuracy and justice, discount considerably the exact meaning of the word. Our Stanley, or Livingstone or Speke or Burton, may have been the first European or American to see the spot, to fix its position by its latitude and longitude, to make meteorological and geological observations, to speculate on the topographical system of which it was a part, and then to publish all his findings to an interested world; but nine times out of ten the Arab ivory-traders from Zanzibar had been there before him, had already established trading-posts in the vicinity, had oriented him with names of places and native chiefs to make for, and provided him with the very routes and trails over which to proceed.

Knowledge of the great chain of mid-African lakes, the countries nearer and beyond them, the various savage peoples, their characteristics, their history, warfares, and even the family squabbles of the reigning chiefs, was

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current in the houses of the big Arab merchants in Zanzibar, to the court of whose independent Sultan were accredited the consuls and representatives, and where dwelt the traders of the great powers of Europe and America. But the Arabs "were not likely, however, to give much voluntary information" and thus encourage the foreign infidels to meddle with the trade in ivory they had built up and monopolized.

True enough, the Arabs did not care overmuch for any geographical knowledge of the African interior beyond that necessary for the discovering of ivory and slave countries and the fixing of the caravan routes. The question of the sources of the Nile, for which the ancients as well as the adventurers of the last century so assiduously sought, troubled them not in the slightest. But when Speke made the historic journey of 1860 to 1863 which established his undying fame among the great travelers, explorers, and discoverers of all time by his fixing of the Victoria Nyanza as the source of the Nile, he used the Arab routes all through the land, and found the Zanzibari ivory merchants at all the focal points of the country; and when he arrived at Mtesa's court, a few miles from his great objective, the first white man ever to visit the savage kingdom of Uganda, he found the Arab traders there in force before him, trading in the ivory with which the royal despot's country overflowed. So well established were they, in fact, that the king had special quarters near his palace for the housing

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of the Arabs. From there it was but twoscore miles to the outlet of the Nile from the Nyanza.

Reaching the "great source of the holy river," Speke turned northward down its course, and met, a few miles farther on, the men of Debono, the ivory-trader of Khar-tum. Here, in order to have their protection that he might pass down the Nile to civilization, Speke was compelled to spend a month in comparative inactivity, with the whole world waiting for the glorious news with which he was fairly bursting, while Debono's black, rascally, plundering Mahamed, who had charge of the ivory searchers, scoured and bullied and blackmailed the country round about for ivory and joined a near-by native chief in war against another, returning from the foray laden with ivory, slave girls, and cattle. Finally, after the three hundred porters necessary to carry the ivory were collected by Mahamed's threatening the near-by chiefs and seizing their property until the men were furnished, Speke, who played the second fiddle in the caravan while the ivory played the first, came proudly down the Nile and announced in ringing words—"The Nile is settled"—the solving of the mystery of the ages.

II

All of the great classical expeditions into Central Africa from the eastern shore, those of Burton, Speke, Livingstone, Stanley, and Cameron, had as their starting-point the Arab capital of Zanzibar. Here they re-

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cruited their headmen and *pagazis*, assembled their loads of supplies, and got the latest news of the condition of the routes, what and who to make for and to avoid, with the assistance of the Arab ruler and his pioneering subjects.

The first of these famous expeditions was that of Burton and Speke, who left Zanzibar in June, 1857. "Nothing was known of the interior beyond the first mountain range parallel to the coast,"¹ said Burton, "except from the reports of the Arab traders." The first of the two great discoveries for which the expedition will be forever famous was that of Lake Tanganyika, "the meeting-place of waters." In February, 1858, Burton and Speke saw it at their feet, the first Europeans ever to gaze upon its great expanse. "*We followed the Arab line of traffic,*" wrote Burton, "*first laid open to Lake Tanganyika by Saif bin Said el Maumeri, about 1825.*" On the way they had passed the Arab trading-posts at Zungomero, 145 miles inland, where several caravans were encamped, with piles of ivory about; and shortly after joined forces with two large Arab ivory caravans for mutual protection in traversing the turbulent country of Ugogo; and so in their company the explorers traveled to Kazeh (Tabora), 350 miles from the ocean, where they found a long-established Arab community of a dozen or more ivory-and-slave merchants. Kazeh was the departure point for the caravans which penetrated far into the

¹ Less than thirty miles.

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great interior and returned with the long lines of slaves with tusks of ivory balanced on their heads. "Here," wrote Burton, of Kazeh, the Arabs "related to me their discovery of a large *bahr*—a sea or lake—lying fifteen or sixteen marches to the north." Speke, from "their descriptions and bearings," plotted the position on the map, marched to the point the Arabs indicated, and there, in July, 1858, stood upon the shore of the great inland ocean, and named his discovery the Victoria Nyanza.

So much for the first great expedition. Burton and Speke followed the Arab ivory-and-slave road to one discovery, the Tanganyika; the Arabs told them where to mark the map to find the other discovery, the Victoria Nyanza. Ujiji was the westernmost point of the expedition, and the Nyanza its farthest north; but a dozen years before, the Arabs had penetrated toward the setting sun as far as the land of Urua, far beyond the Tanganyika, and Burton's very host at Kazeh, old Snay bin Amir, had visited Uganda, to the north of the great lake glimpsed by Speke.

Next came Livingstone's Zambesi expedition, during which, in September, 1859, he discovered the third great lake, Nyassa. While Livingstone was still encamped at the lake, a large Arab party suddenly appeared. They had been in Cazembe's country beyond, for a year, and were now returning to the coast "with plenty of ivory and slaves."

After this came Speke again, this time with Grant, on

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the Nile Source expedition of 1860-63 previously mentioned. When, on their way down the Nile, they reached the main base of Petherick, the ivory-trader, they found Baker, their compatriot, and told him of what they had heard of another lake to the west and south, in which the Nile might be found also to arise. Baker determined to make the search at once—"Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?" he asked Speke—and applied to the atrocious Mahamed, leader of Debono's ivory gang, for guidance and protection on the way. Mahamed and his men agreed, "but," wrote Baker, "I little knew the duplicity of these Arab scoundrels. They knew that, should I penetrate the interior, the *ivory trade*¹ of the White Nile would be no longer a mystery." Mahamed marched off suddenly, threatening to shoot Baker if he followed. Baker, a few days later, followed another ivory caravan, and was discovered by them, but by diplomacy and the promise to claim no part of the ivory and slaves that might be secured, won them to an alliance. They had a slave woman with them, who, as Baker says, "corroborated the accounts I had formerly received of large boats arriving with Arabs at Magungo" on the lake for which he was seeking. This lake, which he named Lake Albert, he reached on March 14, 1864, the first European ever to sight its waters. As in previous East African discoveries, the ivory-traders had made his journey possible;

¹The italics are Baker's.

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and again, by the explorer's words, the Arabs had preceded him.

The next of the great expeditions was Livingstone's last journey, which he began in April, 1866, at the mouth of the Rovumu, to which he had ferried from Zanzibar, and ended on his knees in prayer in Chitambo's village in Ilala, south of Lake Bangweulu, in the early morning hours of May 1, 1873. It was between these dates, on November 10, 1871, to be exact, that Stanley, on the first of his own three great expeditions, found Livingstone at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. No great item of discovery, save that of Livingstone's person, resulted from Stanley's journey; he traveled the third of the three well-known routes to Ujiji from the coast—Burton and Speke and Grant had followed the other two.

Livingstone's last journey had several phases, of which one, the period from his arrival at Chitapangwa's village near the southern end of Lake Tanganyika in February, 1867, to his emergence from Manyuema land in September, 1871, is most pertinent to our story of the white and black gold of Africa. Up to this part of the journey, our allied subjects do not bulk largely in the *Last Journals*, but from Livingstone's meeting with the Arab traders at Chitapangwa's to his quitting of the Manyuema country four and a half years later, it is ivory and slaves, slaves and ivory, page upon page of his immortal, tragic diary.

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At the time this period opened, Livingstone found it expedient, as other explorers had done before, to attach himself to the parties of ivory-raiders who had already overrun the country which he wished to penetrate; and while the performance of his companions' trading and oppression hampered and delayed him, yet the protection of their marauding guns made his subsequent discoveries possible.

He met at once the plundering bands of Tippoo Tib, the greatest of all of the Zanzibari ivory-and-slave raiders, or rather, he was found by them. They had heard that a white man was in the country, and fearing that he might be killed by mistake for one of themselves, had set out to find and save him. From the time of their meeting he was under their continual protection; and he records their assistance and kindness with expressions of gratitude.

Hearing from the Arabs of a lake to the west, called Mweru, and expressing a desire to see it for himself, Tippoo Tib escorted him to its vicinity and procured for him the guides with which he reached the waters of this not inconsiderable inland sea the following day, November 8, 1867, the first European to discover its sparkling surface. After spending eight more months with the ivory and slave parties in the country round about, Livingstone once more stood upon the shores of another of the chain of African lakes unknown to Europeans, the one which the Arab ivory-traders knew

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as Bambeolo, but which we today call Bangweulu. The ivory-traders from the east coast had long been coursing through this region. Livingstone himself, traveling up from South Africa, had met a party of Arab traders from Zanzibar near Lake Dilolo, five hundred miles west of these two discoveries, fourteen years before. The Arabs told him then of Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria, which Burton and Speke were to discover five years later.

The third of the salient geographical accomplishments of this last great journey was the discovery of the Lu-alaba, or upper Congo, where Livingstone found the ivory-traders who were then already spreading through Manyema land in all directions. Thus at Kasongo, or Mwana Mamba as it was also called, he was welcomed by the Arab traders who had established themselves there, who informed him that the Lualaba was only six marches distant, and that they had sent men across it for ivory. So a few days later, in the last days of March, 1871, the first white man, Livingstone, gazed upon the mighty river, at Nyangwe. Nyangwe! A place that will ever hold as much interest and romance to the student of African exploration as Tahiti will to lovers of tales of discovery in the South Seas!

Nyangwe was Livingstone's farthest point in Central Africa. Beyond there his traveling companions would not go; and he could not go alone. After nearly four months at the fateful town Livingstone started to retrace his steps on the long journey to Ujiji, far away to the eastward, in

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company with old Arab Mohamed bin Gharib, young Bin Juma, and a long coffle of miserable slaves secured with forks around their necks, and ivory tusks atop their bobbing heads.

III

After Livingstone and Stanley came Cameron, who left Zanzibar in February, 1873; he, like Stanley, was in search of Livingstone, but found, not the living body, as did Stanley, but the dead, on its way to the coast and Westminster Abbey. Then Cameron determined to push on and cross the continent. Following the old Arab routes, he reached Nyangwe, the permanent settlement of the Arab traders on the Lualaba, in August, 1874, and here, just as Livingstone had been held up six years before, he was halted, unable to descend or cross the river. The impasse was broken only by the arrival of Tippoo Tib, the befriender of Livingstone, who agreed to take him across the river to his camp some eighty miles south and west in Kassongo's country. From there Tippoo Tib sent guides with Cameron to escort him to another Arab trader at Kilemba's, some 120 miles farther on. This trading-station, or *zeriba*, belonged to Jumah Merikani, another Zanzibari, who was trading for ivory with American cotton cloth (hence the surname), at Ujiji when Burton and Speke reached there in 1858. He had been here west of the Lualaba, for two years. Kilemba's was the point of contact of the west coast ivory trade with

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that of Zanzibar, for here Cameron met Alvez, or Kende, as the natives called him, the half-caste Portuguese ivory-trader, who now in turn escorted Cameron for seven hundred miles to his settlement near the west coast, where Cameron was soon in touch with the outside world once more.

So much for Cameron: he was the first European to cross Central Africa from east to west, and he was on the ivory-traders' routes and in touch with them or actually escorted by them, every step of the way. He finished his transcontinental journey, from Zanzibar to Benguela, in November, 1875; but before him, in 1848, an Arab traveler had also arrived in Benguela from Zanzibar. About that time also, again nearly thirty years before the Englishman, another Arab had crossed mid-Africa, from Kilwa on the east coast to Loanda on the west.

Close on Cameron's heels came Stanley, on his second expedition, of 1874 to 1877. Stanley left Zanzibar in November of the first-named year, and after circumnavigating the Victoria Nyanza struck west and discovered, in January, 1876, Lake Albert Edward, which the Arab ivory-traders had long known as the Muta Nzige. In June, 1876, Stanley circumnavigated, as the first of the explorers to do so, Lake Tanganyika, though old Snay bin Amir, whom Burton had met in Tabora in 1857, had done so fifteen years before—or actually thirty-four years before Stanley's expedition. Later, proceeding south and west, he reached the vicinity of Nyangwe, the

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Arab settlement on the Lualaba, where Livingstone and Cameron had been baffled in their quest of knowledge of disposition of the Lualaba's waters; and here he met Tippoo Tib, who had not long before returned after helping Cameron across the river and on to Jumah Merikani's settlement. Stanley in turn now called on Tippoo Tib to help him pass the barriers which had prevented his European predecessors from proceeding down the river, and his greater persuasiveness and determination, no doubt, won over the Arab; and so began Stanley's greatest discovery, the proving of the Lualaba as the upper Congo. With Tippoo Tib's assistance the journey was planned and started. Tippoo traveled with him for 220 miles down the river, waited at the parting-point for a month in case Stanley should be turned back, and then retraced his steps to Nyangwe to resume his regular business in ivory and slaves.

No Arabs, so far as we know, preceded Stanley from the point of Tippoo Tib's parting with him to the Atlantic. The great voyage down the Congo to the sea is Stanley's own. The Zanzibari Arabs were not concerned with the western half of Central Africa; it was the eastern half which they exploited, and all through which they preceded the European explorers. At Nyangwe, and on the Lomami, to the west of the Lualaba, they had covered half the distance across the continent, had gone a thousand miles in a direct line from Zanzibar (more nearly two thousand over the twisting routes), preceded-

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ing the Europeans in all directions over the intervening savage lands. It had been a wonderful penetration of the unknown; the western half of the continent might well be left to others.

IV

The last of the great expeditions was again Stanley's, the one of from 1887 to 1889, when he rescued Emin Pasha from the perils which surrounded him in his "Equatorial Province," at the northern end of Lake Albert. This was both an east coast and a west coast expedition, for while it was organized and recruited in Zanzibar, the start was not made on the mainland shore opposite, as was usual; instead, the expedition traveled by steamer around the Cape of Good Hope and proceeded up the Congo by river steamers. Stanley established a base at Yambuya on the Aruwimi River, nearly 1,400 miles from the sea, and there the march began. He had decided on the entry from the west coast in order to avoid the Arab ivory-and-slave settlements, at which the caravan men were wont to desert their expeditions, tempted by the food, the wealth, and the slave women with which those communities abounded.

But the two stations of the ivory-and-slave raiders he stumbled on unexpectedly in the great Congo forest in all probability saved the expedition itself as well as the survivors' lives.

The first of these two ivory-and-slave settlements was

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Ugarrowwa's, in the very heart of Africa, 1,760 miles from the sea on the upper Aruwimi, a point to which no European had ever been before, but to which the Arabs had penetrated by marching nearly 400 miles straight across the trackless, continuous forest from Kibanges on the Lualaba, traversing a country which also, of course, no European had ever seen. This settlement Stanley reached after marching 371 miles in eleven and a half weeks along the river and through the dense, pathless forest which bordered it; a terrible journey of hunger and physical and mental suffering which tried courage and tenacity almost to the breaking point. The expedition had lost 62 men by death or desertion (which under the circumstances amounted to suicide), on the way, and had 56 sick out of the survivors. Here Stanley secured the food and rest his men so sorely needed. The Arabs told him of another ivory post, belonging to an Arab called Kilonga-Longa, about twenty days' march farther up the river; and Stanley also received the cheering news that the Arabs, in a month's march to the east, had climbed a hill and sighted open grasslands beyond the forest's edge. Stanley left the 56 sick encumbrances in Ugarrowwa's care, and marched on with the others. Now, if the condition of the force had been critical before they reached the first ivory post, it was to be desperate before they reached the second.

Four days after leaving Ugarrowwa's, fifty of the marching force were incapacitated by weakness due to

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lack of food; five days later some raiders of Kilonga-Longa's walked into the camp and told them the ivory settlement was five days' journey ahead. After a week's marching, however, they had not reached the settlement, and the situation was desperate in the extreme; and there, at the confluence of the raging waters of the Ituri and Iruru, the desolate and aptly-named "Starvation Camp" was fixed. Leaving fifty-two sick and dying men there, Stanley and the rest pushed on to try to find Kilonga-Longa's and the food which alone could save their lives. A little farther on Stanley was obliged to divide his party again, and press on ahead with the fittest. Another week of suffering, marching and starvation, living on roots and fungi, and suddenly they broke upon the road made by the ivory-raiders. As the news was passed along the weary, hungry column, said Stanley, it "was received with jubilant cheers." Next day they arrived at Ipoto, Kilonga-Longa's camp, and thus saved their own lives as well as those of *five out of the fifty-two* stricken men left behind at Starvation Camp.

Kilonga-Longa's community of ivory-hunters had reached Ipoto similarly, by cutting straight across the great forest from the Luabala—a journey of seven and a half months, during which they had never seen or heard of grass or open country. Here Stanley rested, then went on in comparative comfort, leaving thirty men in Kilonga-Longa's care, emerged on the open grass land,

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pressed on to Lake Albert, found Emin, and brought him to Bagamoyo, on the east coast opposite Zanzibar, where, at the dinner which was held to celebrate the successful conclusion of the journey, Emin, the object of the expedition, got drunk, went out on the balcony just off the room to vomit, and fell off to the street below, and thus nearly spoiled the whole three years' work.

Stanley wrote bitterly of Ugarrowwa and Kilonga-Longa later, accusing them, with entire truth, of the devastation of thousands of square miles of land and the murder of countless natives; of the murder, also, of some of his own men by neglect, and of nearly wrecking the Emin expedition through their selfishness, avariciousness, and the lying and discouraging propaganda they spread among his men. But to give these devils their due it should be remembered that in the last analysis they also saved him and the other survivors of the advance column. Stanley says that at the end of the first terrible march he was hospitably received and supplied with food by Ugarrowwa, and that at Ipoto, where the second and even more desperate march ended, his men were received with "hospitable friendship" by Kilonga-Longa's people, and that "as the caravan filed to its allotted quarters . . . numerous were the praises to God . . . for our marvellous escapes from the terrible wilderness . . . in which in our inmost hearts each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined."

V

We have found that in eastern equatorial Africa the ivory-trader preceded the explorer; it was much the same in the north and south as well.

Schweinfurth is the lion of exploration of the Niam-Niam land and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which he traversed in 1868 to 1871, but eleven years earlier, in 1857 and 1858, Petherick, the English trader, had been there for ivory; and before Petherick had gone, there were the Khartum ivory-seekers, Habeshi and others. Schweinfurth says: "If it had not been for the high value of ivory, the countries about the sources of the Nile would even now (1874) be as little unfolded to us as the equatorial centre of the great continent. The settlements owe their original existence to the ivory trade. Without these depots the professional slave-traders could never have penetrated so far." It was traveling with and guided by a party of ivory-traders that Schweinfurth made his historic pioneering journey through the northern part of Central Africa, through the regions inhabited by the Diur, Dinka, Bonga, and Niam-Niam peoples, in the course of which he discovered the River Welle.

The Austrian Count Teleki, who in 1887-88 first penetrated the Turkana country lying north and east of Mount Elgon and discovered Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie, was accompanied on the journey by the Swahili, Jumbe Kimemeta, who had for years been trading for

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ivory in the country Teleki was opening to European knowledge. Von Höhnelt, the nobleman's companion and chronicler of the expedition, pays tribute to these traders, Kimemeta and others, who, a score of years before he and Teleki came as the first white men to enter this country, had "boldly penetrated into absolutely unknown districts in search of ivory."

In the south, Oswell, Vardon, and Selous, in the 'forties to the 'seventies, traversed as ivory-hunters districts in which no white man had ever been before, and it was because of the geographical knowledge thus gained that later Selous was chosen to lead the expedition which secured Mashonaland for the British crown.

Conversely, Livingstone demolished the pretensions of the Portuguese to what is now Rhodesia, when they sought to connect their east and west coast colonies by claiming that bit of territory and so complete a Portuguese road across Africa, by the simple statement that if they had established themselves in the country as they said, the value of ivory would have become known to the natives, and even the tusks on the chiefs' graves would not have been safe.

VI

Burton wrote, in 1860, of the Arabs who had then already gone west of Lake Tanganyika, "geography will thrive," and so it proved; for in the lifting of the mantle of ignorance which covered Central Africa, whether

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dreams of empire, the spreading of religion, the inquisitiveness of geographical societies, the lure of adventure or the spirit of rescue, drove the explorer to the fastnesses of the mysterious land, it will be found that the lust for ivory and the hunters of and traders in the precious stuff preceded him and showed the way.

They were sterling men, the European explorers and adventurers whose records fill the pages of the book of Central Africa, who risked their lives and suffered fevers and privations that they might tell us of a hidden lake or bit of inner Africa. Without their perseverance, their observations, their maps and journals, the outside world would not have known of eastern Central Africa more than the Arabs cared to tell.

They were the scientists, the chroniclers, the reporters, the interpreters, the map-makers and geographers, from the outside world. The ivory-traders were the true discoverers.

III

THE HARVEST AND THE REAPING

I

IT IS difficult to conceive of the vast stores of ivory tusks that lay, concealed from civilized eyes, in the fastnesses of Central Africa even fifty to sixty years ago. True, since before the dawn of history ivory had come down the Nile, and for several centuries prior to ours had been taken in ever-increasing quantities from other points almost encircling the huge continent; from along the shores of the Red Sea and the Azanian or Zanzibar coasts by the Arabs; by the Portuguese at Mozambique and southward; by the English and Dutch at Natal and the Cape; by the Portuguese, again, along the coast of Angola; and by the French, British, and Spanish along that strip of shore on the Atlantic called in part the "Ivory Coast." But still the vast inner reservoir hardly had been touched. It was the breaching by the Zanzibari Arabs of the dams that withheld the flood, which loosed the deluge of ivory in those fateful threescore years from about 1840 to the end of the nineteenth century.

In the interior, before the Arabs came, ivory had no intrinsic value. It could not be eaten, as was the flesh of

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the beasts that carried it; the tusks were "bones," along with the huge circling ribs and the ponderous legs; and often were left to rot with the massive skull in which they set, or to be gnawed, for their oily content, by the rodents and other beasts of the forest. The ivory was of use for ornamentation to some extent; and so the early traders and explorers often found it used both in its natural state in the tusk and in various forms of simple manufacture. But of itself, it had no value; it was everywhere; nothing could be exchanged for it. The Arab and European pioneers found it serving the commonest and the strangest uses. The graves of chiefs were encircled with the largest tusks—sometimes a hundred or more—set upright in the ground, as Livingstone saw; or, as in the case of tribes whose customs did not include earth burial, the ivory was piled around the body exposed upon the ground, intermingled with ivory bracelets and other articles of similar material. Burton saw cattle pens made of tusks in Unyoro, as Livingstone did near Lake Ngami; and Tippoo Tib's men found fences and stockades of ivory on the Lomami. In Babisa land, to the west of Lake Nyassa, the Great Missionary saw elephant tusks used as door posts and pillars in the thatched huts of the natives; and in Manyuema, Stanley said, the natives reared their huts on ivory stanchions, and also used the tusks for supports for the eaves. On the Aruwimi and the Congo Stanley found a native statue, a rude wooden figure of a bearded man, under a canopy supported by nine ivory

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tusks, and an ivory temple with thirty-three large tusks for columns to support the roof.

There, said Stanley, ivory was as abundant as fuel. His men picked up war horns, bracelets, balls, mallets for beating bark-cloth, and even wedges for splitting logs, all made out of ivory. In the canoe battle which had immediately preceded his entry on this scene, the tops of the paddles, in every savage craft that made up the flotilla of the natives, were decorated with ivory balls; every swinging arm gleamed with white ivory armlets; and blasts came from a hundred ivory horns.

All through the Congo basin the quantities of ivory were almost incomprehensible. The savages used ivory tusks to chop their wood upon, or to support their idols or other subjects of handcraft while they did the fashioning and shaping with their adzes and other implements. They stood the tusks on end around their idols, in crude efforts at decoration, or piled them, mingled with the skulls of fallen and eaten enemies, in their council huts, and laid others on the earthen floor to form seats for the elders to squat upon. Livingstone sat thus upon a tusk, which thereupon became his property, in his audience with the chieftain Chitapangwa. The natives used the tusks in pairs, one on either side, to keep their beds of forest leaves from scattering, and fashioned others into pestles and mortars with which to grind their corn.

For personal adornment there were all kinds, sizes, and weights of armlets, from the ordinary narrow bracelets

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to the enormous cylindrical armlets of the Wanyamwezi. These, made from the hollow or "head end" of the tusks, covered the arm from wrist to elbow, and were used for signaling, as the sound made by striking the forearms together, when these were worn, could be heard for a considerable distance. (The nightstick on the pavement!) The name of the Wanyamwezi people arose, it might be mentioned, from another ivory ornament, in the shape of the new moon, which was hung around the neck with the tips reaching over the shoulders: the name means, "the people of the moon." The Wajiji—the people of Ujiji—adorned themselves with necklaces made of disks and crescents of ivory, and with strings of ivory cones which hung, depending from the apex of the cones, down the breast. A curious ornament was that of the Zandeh country, to the north of the Aruwimi: there the most highly prized article of personal adornment was a graduated chain consisting of thirty or forty ivory cylinders from one and a half to two and a half inches long, which fell low down on the breast and was supposed to represent the teeth of predatory animals. The soft whiteness of the ivory made pleasing contrasts to the dark satin breasts of the savage wearers.

How befell this littering of the very ground with ivory, these ivory stockades around the native gardens, these ivory chopping-blocks, pestles and mortars, and house posts and sills of ivory tusks, the spoil of a million elephants? They were the accumulated ivory findings, the

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cumulative killings of decades and decades, the yield of the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of elephants who made up the great herds that roamed all through the forests and over the plains and mountain slopes of the huge interior. True, the elephant had not been hunted for his ivory; but he was pursued incessantly for his meat. And in the seeking of his flesh and fat much savage ingenuity was employed.

II

The spear, the bow and arrow, and the pitfall are obvious; but even these crude methods had their refinements. The spear was sometimes fastened in a huge beam a dozen feet in length, preferably of ebony to give an added weight, so that the weapon weighed several hundred pounds in all; and this was suspended by a rope of vines from a high branch overhanging an elephant path, with a latch connected by a vine which ran across the path at about the height of an elephant's forehead, so that smaller animals and men might pass along the path without tripping the latch. When the elephant came along, he struck the vine, the beam came down with terrible force and drove the heavy, broad-bladed spear between his shoulders, and off the elephant plunged, the rocking spear, firmly affixed, working deeper and deeper into his body as rushed along. The natives followed the bloody trail, and when at last, weakened by effort and loss of blood, the stricken beast stood still and helpless,

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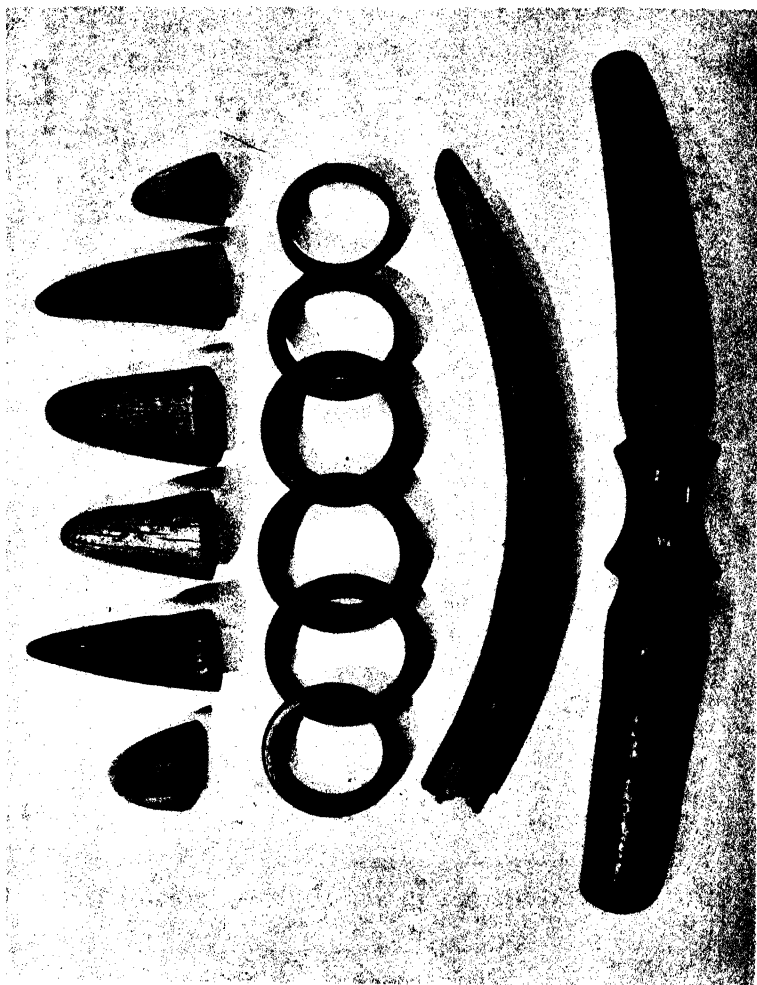
plunged a spear into his heart. Sometimes a shearing blade like a guillotine was used, designed to sever the spinal column and kill the elephant at once.

The throwing spear, among some tribes, carried a poisoned dart in the shaft, so that the shaft, after the weapon struck, fell away from the poisoned head in the animal.

The bow-and-arrow method depended on poisoned arrow heads or darts; and, in some instances, on the penetration caused by the force of a heavy bow, a pull of over a hundred pounds sometimes being necessary to bring the junction of the arrow shank and the poisoned dart or head back to the bending bow. This was often a slow, cruel death for the noble animal, the natives sometimes trailing the wounded, poisoned elephant for weeks before it finally succumbed.

The pitfalls, simple as the method seems, had to be exactly of the right size and with correctly sloping walls, so that the elephant, in his struggles, would wedge himself in firmly; and often these pitfalls were constructed in pairs, tandem fashion, with a wall a foot thick left uncut between the two. Thus if the elephant felt his forelegs descending into the first hole, and sought to save himself by straddling it with his hind-legs, he would tumble forward into the further hole with even greater force.

The Tanganyika elephant pit was dug only a few feet deep across the path. The bottom of this shallow excavation was dotted with sharpened stakes of hardwood



SOME BITS OF IVORY FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION. A ROW OF TUSK POINTS; NATIVE BANGLES OF IVORY OUT OF AN ARAB SLAVE CAMP; A "SCRIVELLO" TUSK, AND AN IVORY PESTLE SEIZED BY TIPPOO TIB IN ONE OF HIS RAIDS



AN ELEPHANT PATH IN A BAMBOO FOREST ON A
MOUNTAIN SLOPE IN "BRITISH EAST"

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driven firmly in the ground, with the sharpened ends uppermost, and the pit then filled with leaves and loose earth. The elephant, walking along the path, stepped into the loosely filled pit, the momentum of his tons of weight driving several of the stakes deep into his foot as it sank, and his other forefoot, descending to give him the purchase necessary to extricate himself, was in his struggles likewise impaled. He was then helpless, held by the stakes driven in the earth and his forefeet; and thus rendered immobile, was soon speared to death.

Sometimes stages were erected in the trees high above a well-worn path, and from these the natives drove their spears, four to five feet long with hafts as thick as a man's wrist, into the elephant as it walked underneath. The spear, caught in the animal's back, knocked against the trees in his mad plunge through the forest, made frightful gashes underneath the skin, and as the spears were highly poisoned, death ensued within a few hours.

Spears, broad and razor-edged, were used to hamstring the elephants; as the beast cannot canter or trot, but pace only, a severed tendon halts it helplessly at once. Bugged elephants were hamstrung with comparative impunity, and then finished off with spears thrown point-blank in safety. Hamstringing, in fact, was one of the most widely-used means of killing the great animals. Sometimes it was accomplished with a heavy, razor-sharp broad-ax, the native creeping silently up-wind to within a few feet of the elephant's massive stern and delivering

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a swift, two-handed blow with all his might at the tendon of the nearest hind-leg of the unsuspecting beast. Usually some of the arteries as well as the tendon were severed, and from the ugly wound spurted the life blood of the giant prey. If the ax-man had the luck to find a sleeping elephant, he crept up to its head, and with a single terrific blow severed or so gashed the trunk, which lay outstretched on the ground, that death from the resulting hemorrhage followed within an hour.

There was an extraordinary variation, current in the northeastern Congo, of the hamstringing method. Having located an elephant herd, the natives followed it until the middle of the day, when one of the most daring hunters of the tribe plunged naked into the bush after the animals, armed with nothing but a keen, broad-bladed knife. Taking advantage of the lethargy of the animals in the heat of the day, he singled out a solitary or detached elephant and crept up behind it to within a few feet. Then he clenched the knife firmly in his teeth, arose slowly, and made a sudden leap for the nearest hind-leg, clutched it for dear life, and with the knife still between his teeth, sawed desperately away at the tendon, which, with luck, he severed in a few furious twists of the head. In this position on the hind-leg, the elephant could not reach him with his trunk, and once hamstrung, he was helpless and unable to shake the man off. Then the natives appeared on all sides, threw their spears, and soon the elephant resembled a gigantic porcupine, while the

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man with the knife escaped from his perilous position at the first opportunity.

Setting fires to an area in which a herd of elephants was known to be feeding was another method. Schweinfurth describes how he saw elephants, their escape being impossible, cover their bodies with grass, on which they pumped from their trunks the water drawn up from their stomachs, until death came by suffocation or fire or a *coup de grâce* by a lance.

A closely-woven fence or obstruction of tough creeper-vines was used by the west-coast savages. Against this yielding but impenetrable barrier the elephant was driven, and in his rage he tore up everything right and left; but the more he struggled, the more firmly he was enmeshed; and so he was held at bay until the spearmen finished him.

But even more ingenious than this was the elephant snare. Along a well-trodden elephant path a hole a few feet in diameter and a foot or two deep was dug. Over this was laid a frame a little larger than the hole; and on the inside of the frame were set a number of stakes, the inner ends of which, instead of meeting within the frame to form a hub, were free and sharply pointed. On top of the frame was laid a heavy, plaited slip noose of creeper-vines or strong buffalo hide, all covered and disguised carefully. The rope of which the noose was a part was led away to a heavy log, to which it was securely tied. Now the relative strength of the rope and the weight of the

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log had to be calculated carefully, for if the log was too light, the elephant could drag it too easily, and if too heavy, it might cause the rope to break. A log under the weight of which twenty men could barely stagger was about right.

If luck was with the hunters, an elephant stepped into the hole. His foot crashed down through the flimsy frame, he lifted the foot and started away, but the frame, *carrying the noose above it*, remained on the leg because of the pointed stakes. The elephant, after a few steps, disposed of the frame easily enough, but by then the rope was pulled taut, the noose tightened, and the elephant fast to the log. There ensued a short, hopeless flight, a halting as the log caught in some obstruction, and soon a speared and fallen giant of the forest.

The simplest method of attack, and probably the one most often used, was the assailing of the elephant by a group of spearmen *en masse*; this depended, most of all, on the ability to separate a single animal from the herd and surround it with hunters. This being accomplished, the leader arose and hurled his spear, the rest of the band following his example. With enemies on all sides, the elephant charged in one direction after another, turning from side to side as spears were thrust into its flanks and hindquarters, until finally, overcome by the accumulated losses of a hundred wounds, it succumbed.

Large parties of spearmen hunted the elephant at night, the lighted torches and the unearthly shouting

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terrorizing the gigantic quarry until at last, paralyzed with fear, it yielded its huge powerful body to its diminutive assailants.

Such were the means by which savage men, without the powerful, accurate rifles on which the hunters of civilization depend, but with their own crude weapons and traps, dispatched the gigantic elephant.

Until the advent of the trader, they killed the animal for its meat and fat alone; for its bones and tusks held no value for them. Thus all over the great, then inaccessible portion of the African continent the useless ivory accumulated, through centuries of elephant slaughter. The ivory lay all about, used, if at all, for the strange and common purposes of which we have read. The treasure trove waited for its gathering.

Here, then, was the harvest: and the harvesters were moving toward the fields.

III

Although the Arabs from Oman in old Arabia had long controlled the island of Zanzibar and the near-by coast of Africa, it was not until comparatively recent times, the first third of the last century, that they began to penetrate the far interior. Possibly by that time it was necessary to pass beyond the coast belt to purchase slaves and ivory at reasonable prices; or perhaps a spirit of adventure suddenly was awakened within them. At any rate, they began to press inland from their *shambas* on the

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coast fringe into the mysterious interior, the land that must, they knew, fairly be covered with the white and black gold which they sought.

So by 1825 or thereabouts they had sighted the Tanganyika; a few years later they had circumnavigated and crossed the lake; had gone northward to Uganda, where Snay bin Amir, Burton's friend at Tabora, had visited the court of Suna, the predecessor of Mtesa; and had gazed upon the great Nyanza; and others had glimpsed the waters of Nyassa to the southward. Some of them fell under the magic, inexpressible spell of Africa, and elected to remain; others, who had fled from creditors in Zanzibar, perforce remained; some, failing to make the expected fortune, found it far pleasanter to stay and live in ease and comfort, beyond the *Cadi's* reach, than face the Banyan usurer who had financed the unprofitable venture; and new adventurers flocked in and set up their trading-posts. All, Moslem-like, surrounded themselves with dusky harems; and in Africa all nature is fecundant. Soon there were large Arab establishments scattered through what is now Tanganyika Territory, with markets and trading-stations, and well-traveled caravan routes connecting them.

The natives were not alarmed to have the Arabs appear and dwell among them. The Arabs came peaceably, with every indication of lasting friendship, without any show of force, paid their tributes of goods to the native chiefs and respected their authority, and bartered fairly

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the wonderful objects of the outside world for the ivory and slaves they coveted. That they were slavers did not alarm the natives, long accustomed to the iniquitous system themselves. In fact, the chieftains were only too glad to rid themselves of their undesirables by that method. On account of the tsetse fly and other pests, it was impossible to use animals for transport, and the employment of human carriers was necessary. The Arabs bargained with the native leaders for the requisite *pagazi*, and on arrival at the coast returned them with fresh loads of barter goods by the next in-going caravan. But if the chief had not the required number of hands available at the moment, there was an absurdly simple way out. He would recall some recalcitrant village which had defaulted on its customary taxes, accept a payment from the Arabs, and give them *carte blanche* to secure the carriers they needed, whereupon the Arabs would proceed to the settlement in question, fire the huts, seize and bind the unfortunate inhabitants, load the ivory on them, and sell their bodies along with the ivory tusks when they reached the marts of Zanzibar.

In this way the chief secured his village tax, the Arabs found their porters and an extra profit, and the chieftain's subjects received a salutary lesson in the evils of defying his authority. But aside from an occasional vicious example of this kind, the countryside was peaceful enough. The Arabs had their own leaders, their extra-territoriality; and the native potentate ruled his savage

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subjects without molestation. Usually he made an alliance with the Arabs, for mutual protection, and the two elements lived side by side in cordiality and friendship. So it went in one village, one province, after another, with the Zanzibar traders settled in all the focal points through the land, even before the earliest explorers came, as the journals of the Europeans show.

The change began soon after the appearance of the European and Yankee traders who first came to Zanzibar and set up their establishments and offices in the 'thirties and 'forties. The demand for ivory increased with their presence. Gradually, as the years of their demands wore on, the quest for sufficient quantities of the precious stuff and the competition among the Arabs drove the prices up. It was necessary to go farther into the country, to find and bring out the more plentiful, cheaper ivory of which the Arabs knew. To do this meant danger; danger could be met only with force; the Arabs asked the Europeans for weapons. The Germans began to bring out muskets by the thousands; the British brought discarded flintlocks from India; kegs of American blasting-powder appeared. The ivory, it was plain to see, was to be forthcoming.

Now the Arabs crossed the Tanganyika and marched around its southern tip in force. They did not at once commence the business of murder and plunder for which they will be forever infamous. They proceeded as before, in the guise of friendship. The Arab would much

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rather put forth his effort in that manner, and, under the cloak of cordiality, accomplish his ends through treachery and deceit, than attain his object by an open announcement of avowed hostilities followed by a frank, frontal attack pressed home.

"An Arab," says one who knew them well, "like the lion, is most dangerous when silently stalking his prey. With his curved dagger drawn, and his tongue hurling threats at you, he is not half so near to cutting your throat as when protesting eternal friendship."

So the Arab sent his friendly messages in advance, and gave his presents on arrival, and settled in the new countries as he had before. To the simple savages of the far interior, less sophisticated than their brethren in the more settled countries to the eastward, he announced himself an *mzungu* (white man); and his bearing, his customs, the deference and respect he demanded from his retinue of slaves, his dazzling white garments, and his goods, all proved him a most superior being. The natives were flattered by his presence, they aped his manners and that of his slaves, and gladly brought him the ivory for which he asked, receiving for it the merest trifles. A few beads for a tusk; or a few cowries, or a couple of copper rings, in the new country west of the lake; whereas at Ujiji, on its eastern edge, a pound of ivory cost a single cloth of muslin a yard wide and four yards long, or a *frasilah* (thirty-five pounds), a dozen *doti*, or double cloths. Manifestly, the new countries west of the lake

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could be profitably exploited: the Arab set his slaves to building a *tembe* for himself and sheds for themselves, planted his gardens, and settled down for a comfortable, profitable stay.

But while he dwelt in apparent peace and friendship with all the tribes and the country round about, the Arab did not forget his guns, nor the possibilities they presented to him. He sent out his spies in all directions, and through these informers soon knew the history of all the tribal and intertribal intrigues and quarrels, the number of each chieftain's fighting-men, their equipment and their morale. He cast up the balance sheet and made his alliance with the strongest chief. The various pretexts for action were not difficult nor delayed, his ally and he then fell upon the others one after one, and, due to the immense superiority of the deadly muzzle-loaders over the spears and bows and arrows of their opponents, easily overcame them, captured their people, and despoiled their villages. Next, with the sale of the resulting ivory and slaves to incoming caravans for additional guns and powder, and the distribution of these weapons to the hitherto unarmed portion of his followers, the Arab was the power in the country. Now his native ally himself felt the foot of the Arab on his neck, and was compelled to pay a tribute of ivory along with the conquered tribes. But more was to come. When the time approached for the return to Zanzibar, the Arab sent his armed bands out in all directions for a final sweeping up

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before the start. Every village in reach was burned and robbed, the former ally suffering with the rest, and then the ivory was loaded on the heads of the captured men and women, the slave yokes and chains put around their necks, and the march to the coast began.

The horror, the misery, the cruelty of the slave coffle never has been nor can be adequately pictured. Probably not more than one in five of the captive marchers, as authorities of the day have estimated, ever reached the ocean. Bowed down by the weight of fetters and the heavy ivory, starved so that the spark of life barely was kept aglow within them, ravaged by weakness and disease and the strain of marching, and overborne by the hopelessness and misery of their position, they died by the thousands. For those who lagged beneath the weight of their misfortunes there was the whip; and when the lash could urge no longer, and the victim sank to the ground with the tusk he had carried for hundreds of miles fallen beside him, asking for pity, there was the Arab sword, the *seyf faranji*, long, straight, double-edged, and sharp as any razor, a blade so thin it quivered as one held the weapon in the hand. A flash in the sun, the chain slipped from the severed neck, the tusk was picked up, and the march resumed, with now a curiously large and round link midway in the length of chain between two weary figures. The Arabs killed the laggard slaves merely out of rage at losing their expected profit on them, or for no

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better reason than that no following caravan should succeed to their property at no expense.

When the plundering expeditions returned to Zanzibar with their cheap ivory and slaves, and the possibilities of the newly opened country were bruited about the streets and Arab and Indian houses of the town, a veritable boom began. The increased exports of ivory to Europe and America, of slaves to Arabia and the Persian Gulf, were followed by increased imports of weapons and ammunition. One German house imported 13,000 Tower muskets in a single year, trade-marked, with celeritous aptitude, with the figure of an elephant cast on the lock. The British and Portuguese brought thousands of the old Sepoy "Brown Bess" from India. The "trade guns"—"five feet of gaspipe"—made their appearance, and the French, to do their part, brought out a flimsy single-barrel weapon; but the Hamburg and American guns were the most preferred. They sold for about \$2.80 each. The Yankee blasting-powder used in all the weapons came in twenty-five-pound kegs now, as well as ten. Old German cavalry sabres came in, too, and cases upon cases of percussion caps. The town must have been a veritable arsenal. Arabs of all degrees, if by hook or crook they could command the credit, borrowed from the Banyan and Indian usurers at 60, 70, 80 per cent, and with a following of the scum of Zanzibar and the coast towns, armed to the teeth, set out for the land of riches.

It was murder and plunder and slavery all through

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Central Africa; there was no drawing back now. It was force alone that counted—fighting one's way through. The Arabs could live only by their guns; without them not one of them could enter or leave the country of oppression.

"Binduki Sultani ya Bara Bara" ("The gun is the King of Africa") said Tippoo Tib's men.

The supplying of the European traders of firearms and gunpowder to the Zanzibaris did not work out as Krapf, the German missionary and first explorer of much of what is now Kenya, foresaw. "The East African trade in firearms," he wrote, "will have at least the effect of making it more and more difficult for the population of the coast, including, of course, the Suahili, to penetrate into the interior; for when the inhabitants of the interior once have firearms, traveling will be much impeded. But if the Suahili can no longer fetch ivory from the interior, what will the Europeans do at Zanzibar? They will discover, too late, that they would have done better if they had foregone the quick profit made in the traffic in firearms, and had brought only harmless articles of commerce into the East African market."

But the Arabs had no intention of bartering the guns and powder they had obtained from the Europeans, for any one "quick profit," however large, with the savages in the interior. They saw many such profits, instead, in keeping the firearms to themselves and using the new

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weapons not for articles of trade but as instruments for oppression, enslaving, and plundering.

Expansion of the cruel Arab system was always necessary; that is, when the immediate district was despoiled and depopulated it was necessary to search further afield. The Arab chief thereupon divided his armed followers into groups, and after designating a sufficient number of musketeers to remain at headquarters to protect his own saffron skin, sent out the remainder in so many flying columns in all directions, with but one order—bring me ivory and slaves! So these bands of ruffianly scoundrels were loosed upon the country, and the blood they shed, the misery and suffering they caused, the extent of their burnings and stealings, will ever be incalculable.

They timed their arrival at a peaceful forest village in the early morning hours, took up their positions about the doomed place, and set fire to the huts. As the frightened, shrieking savages fled out of their burning dwellings, the Arabs shot down the men, clubbed the women and children, and as they lay upon the ground bound them, ransacked the ruins of the village for ivory, and made off with their plunder and captives. The older women were put to work in the fields around the Arabs' quarters, the younger women and girls divided among the raiders for their harems and personal slaves, and the boys brought up as so many sons in the various houses of the Arab community. To the great chief went all the larger tusks, and the smaller ones and broken pieces went

to his subordinates. Thus by this profit-sharing, each man was encouraged to do his best; or shall we say, his worst. When later the young male captives grew to early manhood, they were in turn given their guns and powder by their Arab overlord and protector, and told to find their wives and fortunes on similar shares.

(Some confusion may assail the reader, at times, over the apparent manifold meanings of the word "slaves." There are several distinctions embraced in the use of the term. First, there were the intertribal slaves—that is, the people of one tribe who were held in bondage by another tribe; then, the domestic slaves of the Arabs, captured natives whom they retained to work the gardens, do the domestic labor, and fill the harems; still others, these the highest class, who were the grown-up captive boys who, on reaching early manhood, carried the guns and formed the ranks of the armed forces which imposed the Arab will. They were slaves, practically, only in name; for they had been reared as brother Moslems by their captors, had their own wives, families, and dwellings, and even slaves of their own; in effect they were loyal soldiers of the Arabs, and as such were accustomed to obey implicitly the commands of their superiors, in this case their masters as well. Lowest in the slave scale were the raw, newly-captured savages, fettered and yoked, mere chattels destined to be sold at Zanzibar or exchanged for ivory on the way. This is the class generally meant by the word in our narrative. So it is

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not incorrect to say that the Arabs sent their slaves to capture slaves, though it may be momentarily confusing.)

The Arab chiefs also hired out their marauders as mercenaries, to punish or to aid as they were paid. For a fee of half a dozen tusks a native chief could have a rival's power broken, his village burned, his goods stolen; the rival had a simple choice—he could face the Arab guns and die with stoic pride, or flee in ignominy. Truly, the gun was king of Africa.

Livingstone tells of meeting “a horde of Ujijians” with 500 guns, west of Lake Tanganyika; Cameron found, on reaching Mwana Mamba, near Nyangwe, an Arab overlord with a force of 600 musketeers; Stanley sees Abed bin Salim's Manyumas on the Congo, with 300 guns in their bloody hands, and Ugarrowwa and Kilonga-Longa with hundreds, too; Lugard speaks of an Arab to the north of Lake Nyassa having over 5,000 guns at his command—he must have been no other than Tippoo Tib himself. What could the simple savages, armed only with primitive weapons, lacking knowledge of the simplest elements of organized warfare, avail themselves against the forces of the Arabs? Even the white garments of the Arabs overcame them, accustomed as they were to only the somber tones of the forest, and caused them to shield their eyes from the dazzling sight.

The Arabs' nicknames showed the terror the invaders inspired. The natives could not remember or distinguish

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their oppressors by their Arabic names, and knew them by names they themselves gave them, signifying some characteristic or occurrence which had been indelibly impressed upon them by the recipient. Thus Hamed bin Muhammed became *Tippoo Tib*, "The sound of guns"; Muhammed bin Said, *Bwana Nzige*, "The Locust"; Muinyi Dugumbi, *Molemba-lemba*, "The Oppressor"; Muhammed bin Masud, *Kumba-kumba*, "The Sweeper-up"; Muhammed bin Saleh, *Mpamali*, "Give me your wealth"; Abdullah bin Nasib, *Kassessa*, "Revenge"; Muhammed bin Khalfan, *Rumaliza*, "The Finisher"; *Nyongo Luteta*, an ally of Tippoo's, "Bitter as Bile"; and so on.

At the height of the Zanzibari slave-and-ivory raiders' rise to power, about 30,000 slaves were exported annually from the interior through Zanzibar and the near-by coast ports. Probably 120,000 more started, and died on the way, according to Berlioux.

Along the ghastly trails worn by the ivory and slave caravans across the soil of Africa from the Congo to Zanzibar were three great focal trading-points or marts—Nyangwe, Ujiji and Kazeh; or call them fortresses, if you will, where were kept the supplies, the reserves of arms and munitions that protected the trade route much as Britain protected, with Gibraltar, Malta and Aden the sea route along which was borne her Oriental produce and treasure from India and beyond.

Ujiji was typical of the other two. "Here," wrote

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Swann, a pioneer who had forced his way, not many years after Stanley, to the Tanganyika, "centered all the villainy which for centuries had cruelly oppressed the colored races, and here the Arabs were, as they thought, established in their impregnable fortress.

"Beside me stood a white-robed Arab [who], with a polite bow, resting his hands on his breast, said, 'God is very great. Your journey is over. You are glad!'

"Most of the powerful and wealthy Arabs lived here, superintending the transport of ivory and slaves which came from the west. At this powerful centre of trade we were nothing less than guests of the Arabs. Mighty merchant princes, who lived in a curious mixture of luxury and squalor, invited us to tiffin. One walked over tusks of ivory scattered about their courtyard representing thousands of pounds. Diseased slaves moved about in close proximity to gaudily clothed women of the household. The slave chain and its captives were in evidence everywhere, whilst brutal half-caste fighting-men lounged about the verandahs of the most wealthy. The whole appearance of the place was like a whited sepulchre, presided over by smooth-talking, clean, perfumed, and polite Arabs, who, in their conduct towards us, were always courteous and generous.

"Strolling along the sands one evening, I came upon eight dying slaves, who were suffering from smallpox. They were beyond hope, and had been placed close to the water, that the crocodiles might carry them off when

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the sun set. No one was allowed to go near them under penalty of being shot by a soldier who kept guard. I passed three other bodies partly eaten by hyenas. It was the usual manner of getting rid of slaves who were of no value. To a young Arab who accompanied me, I remarked:

“ ‘Why don’t you endeavor to cure the smallpox and save the life?’

“ ‘Oh,’ replied he, with a shrug of the shoulders, ‘it’s not worth it. They are pagans, and we have had all the expense and trouble of bringing them from the Congo for nothing. Who will carry their load of ivory to the coast?’

“Ivory! Always ivory! What a curse the elephant has been to Africans!”

Without the ivory trade, Livingstone was told by the slavers, the slave trade did not pay; Burton recognized the absolute connection of the ivory and slave trades which “the expense of free porterage rendered inseparable”; and Swann, whom we have just quoted, went on to say of the tragic association of these businesses, “By himself the slave did not pay to transport, but plus ivory he was a paying game.” Livingstone advocated the placing of armed steamers on the principal lakes and rivers, and with their support and facility of transport the maintaining of a lawful trade in ivory as a means of putting down the slave trade near its source; and Oswell, who was one of the noted early travelers and ivory-hunters

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and the co-discoverer (with Livingstone) of Lake Ngami on one of his shooting expeditions, wrote later that the proposed East African "railway, if made, will help to suppress slavery by giving carriage for the ivory, though it will not entirely disappear so long as there is any ivory left."

Probably not many more than half of the slaves that were taken were started for the coast, for the Arabs kept thousands for themselves, for working and cultivating in their settlements, for the inmates of their numerous and large harems, and they bartered other thousands to other native tribes for ivory.

The horrible consequences following the selling of their human captives to the cannibal peoples of the regions mattered nothing to them—the ivory did: and some of the tribes would produce and sell their hidden ivory for nothing but human meat.

Among the savages themselves slaves and ivory (now that the coming of the Arabs had given value to the latter) became interchangeable; and it became the custom for them to store ivory against the day when their families might be captured in some intertribal raid, so that the tusks might be used to redeem their enslaved relatives. The redeeming of slaves taken by the Arabs, of course, was one of the most common of the methods by which the Zanzibari raiders acquired their piles of ivory.

Never were truer words than Drummond's, "Ivory and slaves, . . . these two are one."

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IV

For years the awful scene was set upon the stage of Central Africa. It is inconceivable, incomprehensible; it cannot adequately be imagined. Picture, if you can, a territory nearly as large as the whole of our United States east of the Mississippi River and Illinois, terrorized and overrun in all directions with hundreds of roving bands of plundering murderers armed with invincible weapons of oppression, a land of blood and might, the nights filled with flame and destruction, the days weary with the marching of the coffles and the blood of the despairing, hopeless slaves. And this for years, *for decades*.

The slave-and-ivory caravans tramp ceaselessly over the stricken land. The explorers, seeing only the instances within their own narrow field of vision at the moment, report the black and white treasure the Arabs are collecting, and give us an inkling of what the whole picture might be could we but comprehend it. Burton meets Sulayman bin Rashid and Mohamad bin Gharib in Ugogo; they have 150 guns, 400 slaves, and ivory. (Livingstone traveled later with Mohamad in another of his ivory-and-slave caravans.) Livingstone finds Syde bin Habib, near Tanganyika, with over 200 tusks; meets Mohamed bin Nasur farther west, with 116; Katomba brings in 50 tusks to the slaver's caravan to which Livingstone was then attached, after burning nine villages and killing a hundred savages to obtain them; another

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time he brings in 43 tusks, another time, 50; he meets Dugumbi, near the Lualaba, with 18,000 pounds. Livingstone sees ivory collected as the fruit of plunder and murder on every hand; and when finally, with eyes closed in death, his body is carried through Kumbakumba's village, that worthy shows the bearers of the pall a storehouse full of tusks.

Cameron finds the Arab who has the 600 guns at Mwana Mamba also in possession of 15 tons of ivory. Stanley meets in Tabora, Abid bin Suliman, who has 280 tusks; in Ugala, Salim bin Rashid, with 300; in Ujiji, Muinyi Kheri, who has a ton of ivory; in Karagwe, west of the Victoria Nyanza, Hamid Ibrahim, with 450 tusks; at Nyangwe, Abed bin Salim, with his ton; and so on. Later he meets Abed again, this time with 350 tusks, and again, near Stanley Falls, with 2,000!

Yet the ivory collections the explorers recorded constituted a few scattering grains of sand, as it were, of all those that made the pile.

On the Aruwimi, during his last expedition, Stanley comes upon Ugarrowwa, and at Ipoto, Kilonga-Longa. These Arabs had forced their way across the forest with hundreds of guns and slave carriers, to destroy and burn, and enslave the inhabitants in exchange for ivory, leaving as their trail a devastated land in which hardly a hut remained standing. "Three-fourths of the great Upper Congo Forest," Stanley tells us, divided among "half a dozen resolute men, aided by their hundreds of bandits,

for the sole purpose of murder and becoming heirs to a few hundred tusks of ivory!"

When Abed bin Salim's caravan of Manyema slaves and the 350 tusks reached Zanzibar, the proceeds were invested at once in double-barreled guns, Minie rifles and carbines, powder, caps, buckshot and bar lead; and in a few months the new material of war reached Nyangwe. "Ivory," says Stanley, "was the first object of the raiders; women the second; children the third." He overtook the new expedition on the Congo, below the Falls, and his description of the scenes along the raiders' trail is one of the most pitiful, terrible pictures any pen has ever drawn. For miles and miles, proceeding up the river, they beheld the burned and devastated villages, the bodies of the dead ashore and afloat, the canoes of the inhabitants set upright in the ground as monuments to remind the countryside of its conquering: finally they came upon the Arabs' camp—Abed bin Salim's Arabs from Nyangwe!

Row after row, group after group, of huddled, miserable captives, fettered with iron rings around their necks, and chained together in collections of about a score, children secured with iron rings around each leg and a third between the two, and all guarded by Arab musketeers; drums, spears, knives, ironware, paddles, ivory horns, ivory pestles, littering the ground; the ruined village in the background; everything indescribable con-

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fusion, destruction, and suffering. Here were the 2,000 ivory tusks; 2,300 slaves, women and children; and to evidence the wholesale butchery, not an adult male among them! *Five expeditions, each as large as this, had already been dispatched* upriver to Nyangwe, the profit of reducing a country as large as the combined areas of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut to a howling wilderness of desolation, blood, and famine!

Ivory!—well might we paraphrase—what crimes have been committed in thy name! “Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader,” raged Stanley, “has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child, for every five pounds a hut has been burned, for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed, every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that, because ivory is required . . . the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste . . . that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom after all does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.”

Certainly among those Stanley thus depicts was Tip-

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poo Tib; for Tippoo was the greatest ivory-raider of them all. He was a character that only Oriental Zanzibar, Darkest Africa, and the wealth of savage treasure ever could have produced; and never can there be another like him.

IV

THE SOUND OF GUNS

I

HAMED BIN MUHAMMED BIN JUMA BIN RAJAB—in other words, Hamed, the son of Muhammed, who was the son of Juma, who was the son of Rajab—*alias* Tippoo Tib, was, in the times of Seyyid Said and Seyyid Barghash, the most eminent subject of those most eminent sultans of Zanzibar.

Hamed's more familiar name has been variously spelled, capitalized and punctuated as Tipo Tipo (by Livingstone), Tippu-Tib (Stanley), Tipoo Tib (Ward), and Tipo-tipo, Tipoo Tib, Tip-pu-Tib, and Tipoo Tip by others who have mentioned him in their journals; but we might as well adopt the form of Tippoo Tib, as Brode, this writer's friend of Mombasa and Zanzibar, has it; for Brode probably knew the romantic rascal more intimately and constantly than any of the others.

Hamed was born on a *shamba* in Zanzibar sometime in the 'thirties of the last century. He did not know the year of his birth—few Arabs do; when he was asked, he replied, "In the reign of Seyyid Said." As a young boy he

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studied the Koran, of course, accomplishing the *Khitmah*, or "Perfection," and was taught to read and write Arabic characters; but he never learned more than a smattering of Arabic; in fact, one hardly could get along with him in the language of his forefathers. His native tongue, then, was the bastard Arabic-Bantu *Kiswahili* of Zanzibar and the Azanian littoral.

Nor was Hamed, our subject, any more a beauty than a scholar. Despite his Arab breeding—for his forbears had with one remote exception been of good Muscatee stock—his features and his skin were Negroid; the black skin, thick lips, and yellowed eyeballs of the Central African. His great-great-grandmother on his father's side was a Negro slave girl—perhaps Hamed was what we call today a "throwback." But he was of impressive bearing as he grew up, for he was tall and straight, his face was lighted with intelligence, and his movements spoke a wealth of energy and determination. His perfect white teeth contrasted with his dark skin and grizzly black beard, and, like every prosperous Arab, his dress was of rich material, and spotlessly white and clean; in his silken sash he wore a jeweled *khanjar*, or curved dagger, while his feet were thrust into fine, light sandals of delicately embossed leather.

He suffered from a constant, nervous blinking of the eyelids, which was accentuated in moments of pleasure or surprise or anger; but this seemed only to give an additional sparkle to his penetrating, understanding eyes.

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His frankness and humor were remarkable for one of Arab blood, though at times, it must be admitted, they contained considerable guile and thinly veiled sarcasm; and he loved to play practical jokes upon his intimates. His smile was infectious and full of an understanding of the true relative values of all that was said; he was a kind master to his personal slaves; he was tolerant to the Christian, and was ever ready to go out of his way to help a European. He had the sense to realize they could dominate the Arab if the issue was forced. He loved to play *le grand seigneur*, and to impress, with courtly, generous actions, the whites with whom he came in contact. But we are progressing too fast. Let us get back to the young man.

When he was about sixteen years of age he made a short visit to the mainland opposite his island birthplace, and traded in copal; but the real beginning of his long and disturbing connection with the African interior came about two years later, when with his father he made a trip to the country lying to the northeast of Lake Nyassa, where they traded in ivory and slaves, and sold both commodities in Zanzibar on their return. After this they again went inland, this time to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika; from there Muhammed, the father, returned to Kazeh (now Tabora), the main Arab settlement in Unyanyembe, and left young Hamed on his own, though not until the young man had shown a flash of the resolution and spirit that were to make him fa-

mous later, by refusing to accept the supervision of the half-caste Swahili his father sought to place above young Hamed's comparative inexperience. So the young man and some other Arabs from Ujiji joined forces, crossed Lake Tanganyika, and went farther inland from there: it does not seem much in the telling, but there they were between 700 and 800 miles from the coast, almost half-way across equatorial Africa; and at that time no European had ever been more than thirty miles from the coast between Zanzibar and the lake, unless Burton and Speke were then marching to their discovery of Lake Tanganyika. (Hamed seems never to have met them—though it will be seen that later he met almost all of the famous European explorers—but Burton records that in crossing Ugogo he and Speke joined for mutual protection in traveling through that turbulent country, with the caravan of one Said bin Muhammed of Mbuamaji, who was our Hamed's cousin.)

Young Hamed's confidence in himself was well placed. He showed himself a born trader by buying the small, cheap tusks at a lower market, relatively, than the larger, dearer tusks the others bought, and made a good profit on them when he returned to Zanzibar. So far in the trading of the ivory and slaves he had been in the employ of his father. Now he started for himself, by borrowing small sums from all the usurers in Zanzibar who would listen to him, and made several trips to the mainland, returning with a profit each time. Finally his half-

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brother, Muhammed bin Masud, who had been doing some slave-trading along the coast, met him in Zanzibar, and the two made up another mainland expedition. Muhammed borrowed 5,000 Zanzibar dollars' worth of barter goods, but Hamed, by dint of extensive and intensive canvassing, was able, largely owing to his previous profitable ventures, to stretch his credit to the extent of about 30,000 dollars (about \$20,000, U. S.); and then the two marched off, leaving a crowd of anxious creditors behind them. It was to be a long time before they saw Hamed again; but when he did come back, he was Tip-poo Tib; and rich, to boot.

II

Only a short distance in from the coast, where Hamed ordered the caravan to strike off in an unaccustomed direction in which he thought ivory would be both plentiful and cheap, the Zanzibari porters dropped their loads. So some of the Wasaramo, the people of Usaramo, the country through which the caravan was traveling, were engaged. They made a march or two, but then, on being paid a goodly portion of the contract wage in advance, as was usual, promptly deserted—which also was usual. Hamed at once backtracked with a flying column of picked, armed men, and reached the deserters' villages even before the deserters did, captured and burned the villages, plundered the tribesmen, and captured all he could lay his hands on. In a few days he had several hun-

dred unfortunate Wasaramo brothers of the missing porters with their necks neatly incased in wooden forks or yokes. So quickly had Hamed appeared and so unerringly did he strike, that the natives called him "*ya Chui*," ("The leopard"). Hamed secured some iron rods from another trader a little way off, had iron chains forged, fettered his captives together, placed the loads which their absconding fellow-tribesmen had discarded upon their heads, and marched away, bringing up the rear personally to see that none lagged or escaped. Hamed explained later that there was a famine in the land, and that the Wasaramo captives would have died had he not saved them.

So Hamed, the kind shepherd, drove his rescued flock before him until they reached the country of Urori, to the east of the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and there there was ivory in plenty. For a few dollars' worth of cotton cloth, a *frasilah* (thirty-five pounds) of ivory worth over a hundred dollars in Zanzibar, could be obtained; and now, of course, there were no porters' wages to pay. Ivory could be obtained, also, for its weight in spices, or a *frasilah* for a box of soap. Hamed left an agent here in Urori, with several thousand dollars' worth of barter goods, while he went on, passed around the southern tip of Lake Tanganyika, into Itahua, or Itawa, the country of a chietain named Nsama, well prepared for trouble, and probably bent upon it. For although it had been full twenty-five years since the offense, the shedding

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of Arab blood can be avenged only in blood; the wound is never healed by time.

Nsama, to explain the situation, had been somewhat of a despoiler and conqueror in the country round about, for many years, and was surrounded by conquered and embittered, but impotent, chiefs. The appearance, twenty-five years before, of a large Arab caravan with armed slaves at the village of his defeated enemy Mtumbara seemed plainly to offer that vanquished worthy the chance for revenge for which he had longed. An alliance was proposed and made; Mtumbara's warriors and the Arab forces gained an entrance to Nsama's stockade, and in the resulting *mêlée* dispersed the guards and killed Nsama's brother. But the fugitives quickly reformed and countered, killed many of the Arabs' slaves, wounded some of the Arabs, and forced the survivors to flee to the protection of the forest. Then Nsama burned the Arabs' boats, and finished his task by murdering the hapless Mtumbara. These deeds, as Hamed knew, never had been avenged. Moreover, Nsama, as a result of his invincible legions' overriding of all the neighboring tribes, had accumulated an immense quantity of ivory, which he was holding at an exorbitant price. Hamed left his brother with a rear-guard force of fifteen guns at the end of the lake, and marched on with about a hundred guns himself, to reason with this *shenzi* king.

They found the capital strongly guarded, and pitched their camp outside; and next day Hamed was com-

manded to the Presence. The ruler showed him a great store of ivory, but when Hamed asked him meekly for the merest trifle of a couple of tusks, Nsama refused; and Hamed knew at once that the presents he had given him were a complete loss as far as any free ivory was concerned, and retired disgusted—and probably a little resentful as well.

Next day, it seems, all the Arabs were bidden to come into the village and bring some men to carry a gift of ivory away. Hamed suspected some irregularity about this surprising about-face, so he took twenty of his best men, with well-loaded guns, inside, accompanied by ten slaves. As he walked into the village at the head of his men, the *shenzis* pressed around them on all sides, and suddenly he was struck by three arrows, and another Arab and two of the slaves were also wounded. Then the Arabs blazed away, and at the short, point-blank range, firing into the mass of crowded natives with barrels half full of slugs and shot and powder, the Arab custom of loading, they killed a good number. The remaining savages, who had never heard the report of a gun before, fled the village. Hamed made a quick sortie, picked up the rest of his force, and all moved into the stockade, to “guard” the store of ivory they had seen. That night the *shenzis* built fires around the town and beat their drums and danced around the fires, making thereby the most perfect targets, so Hamed sent a number of parties of about a dozen guns each, outside; they fired their volleys

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at the fireside groups and drove them off. Next morning the ground was found littered with dead savages and all manner of their belongings. Encouraged by this spectacle, the Arabs made a sortie in force, and returned at nightfall with a large company of slaves and a considerable quantity of provender on the hoof. Then they waited patiently in the fortified village, anticipating a retaliatory attack, but none came; so Hamed concluded, in the absence of claimants, that all the ivory was his.

III

This is the point where an actual date first appears in Hamed's history, for from Livingstone's account of his meeting with the conqueror shortly after, the fight took place about the 1st of May, 1867; and also, at the same time, the change of name, Hamed bin Muhammed, to the better-known appellation of Tippoo Tib.

Susi, Livingstone's servant, said that Hamed, as he gazed upon the piles of ivory plundered from Nsama, spread out his arms and exclaimed, "Now I am Tipó Tipó," meaning, "the gatherer of wealth"; but unfortunately for this version, there are no words like this in either the Arabic or Swahili tongues that have such a meaning; but possibly some one of the interior languages with which Hamed undoubtedly was familiar might contain something of the kind. (In Kiswahili, Hamed's own tongue, *Tibu* means a scent of some kind, and *Tipitipi*, a mocking-bird; there is nothing nearer.) Some have said



Photo by Susan R. Watson



Photo by Dr. Fred Puleston

TIPPOO TIB, THE NAPOLEON OF CENTRAL AFRICA, THE GREATEST
IVORY-AND-SLAVE RAIDER OF THEM ALL

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the name was given him in Zanzibar—in accordance with the customs the Swahilis have of nicknaming one for any characteristic, particularly physical—because of the constant blinking of his eyes. But Tippoo Tib himself said the *shenzis* dubbed him thus because his muskets went “tip-u-tip”; and this—not only because it is the bearer’s version, but also because it seems an easy, natural imitation of the sound of guns, which the natives had never heard before Hamed came—is by all odds the most likely explanation. Livingstone, who was close at hand at the time, says the nickname was bestowed by Nsama himself. Hamed’s guns had overcome Nsama; the bows and arrows of his other enemies had always failed. The guns, therefore, marked the man. Yes, “Tippoo Tib” meant “the sound of guns,” we may be sure.

Of ivory at Nsama’s there were thirty tons or more, worth at least, even in those times of cheap elephant’s teeth, at least 95,000 Zanzibar dollars; and besides the ivory, twelve tons of copper from Katanga’s country to the west. Tippoo Tib loaded the new slaves with the ivory and other loot, burned the village, and marched back into Urungu. Here he joined hands, for a consideration in ivory, with a native chief who was an old enemy of Nsama’s, and the combined forces, under the competent direction of Tippoo’s lieutenant, Hamees—Tippoo remaining at Urungu on account of his arrow wounds—waged relentless war on Nsama, which finally was settled

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by Nsama's paying Tippoo a tribute of ivory, while Hamees received Nsama's daughter as his share.

While this warfare was going on, Livingstone met some of Tippoo Tib's men in the field. They had been looking for him, for they had heard there was a European about, and did not want him to be mistaken for an Arab and killed, as had been every man of a certain luckless caravan which had followed Tippoo into Nsama's country. Nsama's people thought—though their belief had no foundation in fact—that this caravan was in league with Tippoo Tib; they fell upon the unsuspecting marchers suddenly, and killed them all.

On July 29, 1867, Livingstone went to Tippoo Tib's village near Lake Mweru, and there met the victorious Arab, who was still recuperating from Nsama's wounds. Tippoo Tib received him with the gracious hospitality and proffers of assistance which distinguished all his intercourse with Europeans. He supplied the wants of the impoverished and suffering Livingstone for several days, gave him a goat, some calico, beads, and sorghum, and apologized for not being able to offer a larger present. They met again about a month later, when Tippoo presented Livingstone, as the latter mentions in his journals, with "a fine fat goat." Then a few days after the second meeting, Tippoo having offered to escort Livingstone to Lake Mweru, they started westward toward the lake together. The combining of Tippoo's business with Livingstone's meant slow progress toward the European's

objective, so that it was not until November 7th that they reached the vicinity of the lake; and they had started August 30th. On this November day Tippoo bade Livingstone good-by after a friendly association of over three months, the last ten weeks of which they had traveled together under Tippoo's guidance. They never met after this parting; and the news of Livingstone which Tippoo Tib brought to Zanzibar at the end of the year, was the last heard of him until Stanley came out, in May, 1872, after his memorable finding of Livingstone at Ujiji six months earlier.

After leaving the neighborhood of Lake Mweru, where he had taken his farewell of Livingstone, Tippoo marched around the south end of Lake Tanganyika, receiving homage and honors on every hand. The news traveled fast that Tippoo Tib, the conqueror of the hitherto invincible Nsama, was on the way with the terrible guns which had so quickly overcome even the great Nsama's spears. Panic-stricken, the chiefs and villages along the march paid tributes of ivory, and the natives volunteered with alacrity (having heard, perhaps, of what befell the Wasaramo) to carry his ivory and other loads for him. At this time his caravan must have consisted of several thousand people.

When Tippoo Tib reached Urori, and asked an accounting of the agent he had left there, all the agent had to show for Tippoo's confidence in him and the barter goods left in his care were two slave girls which he had

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bought for the excessive price—as Tippoo instantly determined as soon as he ran his experienced eye appraisingly over them—of twenty *frasilahs* of ivory. Because of this lapse of good business judgment, and also because Tippoo soon discovered for himself that the young man had not delivered the girls to him in the same condition as they were when he bought them with his employer's ivory, Tippoo promptly chained him up; but released him a few days later, blaming himself for being the greater fool for having trusted him. The homeward journey was soon resumed, and at the end of the year they reached Dar-es-Salaam on the coast, where all of Tippoo's creditors joyfully awaited him.

IV

For a year or more Tippoo Tib lived a life of ease and riches and honor amid the luxury and fleshpots of Zanzibar, but the wanderlust came upon him again, and the Sultan eagerly encouraged a new venture which would bring more trade and customs duties to his capital. So the Sultan told Ladha Damha, the Hindu to whom he farmed out the customs receipts, to lend Tippoo whatever money he needed, on pain of losing his revenue job. But Ladha delayed long enough for Tippoo, who disliked doing business with Hindus but preferred the usurers of his own religion, to turn to the Moslem backers who had loaned goods to him before. They assented readily enough, but in view of the amounts Tip-

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poo now required, as befitted a man of large interests and operations, said they would have to enlist the resources of their wealthiest member, Taria Topan, and this they would do. But the Moslems, perhaps because Taria, having never lent money on such an insecure thing as a caravan going to the mainland, was slow in making up his mind, also procrastinated; and suddenly Ladha Damha woke up to what had been going on. He pressed a credit of 50,000 Zanzibar dollars on Tippoo, and almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth sent over 6,000 dollars' worth of trade goods as an initial delivery to seal the bargain. As soon as the Moslem brokers saw the bales being trundled through the streets, they knew what had happened and rushed shrieking to Taria Topan with the news. There was a terrible commotion then over who should have the privilege of staking Tippoo; but Tippoo, with his rare, smiling charm, smoothed over matters by taking all he could get from both sides.

Soon hundreds of loads were tied up and sent over to Bagamoyo on the mainland, while Tippoo Tib remained in Zanzibar to secure the most important article of all, the gunpowder. He got together fifteen tons or more of this powerful medicine for reluctant sellers, and with characteristic Oriental nonchalance stored it all in a building in the very middle of the European quarter of the town. If ever it had gone off it would have blown every foreigner and all his belongings sky-high; but,

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fortunately for their peace of mind, Tippoo quite neglected to tell them about it. Shortly after it had all been safely transferred to the mainland Tippoo was visited by the Sultan's chamberlain, who told him that the British Consul had protested so violently on learning the facts of the powder storage, that the Sultan had had to promise to jail the offender for a month. But, continued the Sultan's spokesman, Tippoo could just drop in for a day or two, have a comfortable room, receive his friends during the day and his wives at night, and the rest would be all right. So Tippoo enjoyed all the comforts of the best room in this most hospitable jail for two days, and when he got out happened to meet the consul, Sir John Kirk. Sir John said he had missed Tippoo for the past few days and asked where he had been; Tippoo replied, in jail for having a powder magazine in the town. Thereupon they had a good laugh together, for Sir John had not known who the object of his wrath had been. He forgave Tippoo completely, for he had been a friend in need to Livingstone, with whom Kirk had traveled on the Zambesi expedition years before.

Tippoo Tib's new caravan had scarcely gone a hundred miles from the coast when cholera broke out, and so their passage through Ugogo was refused, but on Tippoo's determined threat to use his guns to force his way, the road was granted. They were next obliged, owing to the number of deaths among their porters, to bury the less-perishable goods; they pressed on with the re-

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mainder, reached Tabora, to find the Arabs there at war with a neighboring tribe. Tippoo wasted several months there in fruitless hide-and-seek with the enemy, then sent on the main body of his caravan to Itahua (Nsama's land), sent another party back to the border of Ugogo to dig up his buried loads, and when they arrived followed on after the main caravan, and soon reached the country of Ugala, which lay between Tabora and Lake Tanganyika and a little to the south.

In Ugala the caravan pitched camp outside the chief's village, and after the preliminary present or tax, purchased enough corn to take them into Ukonongo, where further food supplies might be obtained. On the morning of the day after arrival there, Tippoo Tib, accompanied by a number of his men, who, with their accustomed prudence, carried a well-loaded gun apiece, entered the principal village to complain of some thievery from the end of his caravan. Unfortunately, just as was the case in Itahua on the previous expedition, there was an untoward happening. The chief was very cool and distant to the Arab delegation, and after a time arose to terminate the interview by an abrupt and discourteous departure. Tippoo, incensed, laid hands on him to detain him; the chief resisted, threw Tippoo to the ground, and started to run away. One of Tippoo's musketeers shot him down promptly, whereupon the rest, taking this as their cue, brought their guns into play indiscriminately, killed a number of the natives, and

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the remainder incontinently fled. The small party of Arabs felt none too secure, however, not knowing what quantity of enemies might gather and assail them; they made their way out of the town by the nearest gate, to rejoin their supporters; but on reaching their camp found it entirely deserted. Suddenly a large body of men issued from the village gate, but the Arabs' alarm turned to relief when they discerned the red flag of Zanzibar, identifying their caravan, at the head. It seems that at the sound of firing, the camp broke up; the great majority rushed into the town by one gate as Tippoo was emerging by the other; while the remainder, some few score of porters from Tabora, made off toward home, which lay but a few days march away. Tippoo and all his men then entered the village, seized the ivory and some sixty women as booty, and sat down to see what was going to happen. They beat off one attack, and about a week later a caravan from Tabora appeared, bringing back the runaway porters; and with them came the late chief's brother, suing for peace. This was arranged, and Tippoo and his worthies moved on.

At the southern end of Lake Tanganyika he came upon his advance—in reality the main—caravan, under command of his brother, Muhammed bin Masud.

Muhammed, by the way, had also been given his "native name" at the time of the Nsama conquest. He was then dubbed by the *shenzis* "Kumba-kumba," which means "The Sweeper-up of everything"; an apt designa-

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tion, no doubt. We will, as this was the name he was to bear all over the interior of Central Africa, call him by it in our narrative hereafter.

The total force now made up a column of over 4,000 people, with nearly a thousand guns. They passed through Urungu, around the end of the lake, and into the old battleground of Itahua. Nsama did not wait to be asked for the gift of a pair of tusks this time; he sent forty of them to Tippoo, claiming that was all he had. Tippoo had his doubts, as the country thereabouts was full of elephants, but decided to bide his time. After a period of "trading" around the end of the lake, the success of which was no doubt facilitated by the presence of Tippoo's guns and the example of putting a refractory chief in chains, Tippoo next determined to exploit the country of Urua, which lay to the west of Lake Mweru. To go there he would have to pass through the strong land of Ulunda, or Cazembe's country. He took some 500 guns of his force, and began the march, leaving Kumba-kumba to watch over Nsama. No sooner was Tippoo fairly on the road than a pleasing message was received from the "Sweeper-up" saying that he had induced Nsama to uncover his ivory, which could now be "purchased" for a mere trifle.

As Tippoo's caravan came into Ulunda they were attacked—we have Tippoo's word for it—and some of his men were killed. On demanding an explanation of this outrage, they received the insolent reply that the Arabs

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had boasted they had conquered Nsama—therefore the *cazembe* (the word means “general”) would show them he was of superior strength. This was too much for Tippoo; he camped forthwith and sent back at once to Itahua for additional guns, and made an alliance with a nearby chieftain named Merosi—an old enemy of the Cazembe—by marrying Merosi’s daughter. When his reinforcements arrived, Tippoo, with his new ally, attacked in all directions, killing or capturing or burning everything that lay in his way; so that in a few months the country round about was completely devastated. One hardly can imagine the immense destruction of native life and property, the terror and the horror, a small army of several hundred determined men, armed with guns and accustomed to the business of oppression and plunder, can inflict upon a country of simple savages whose only weapons of defense are spears and arrows. The *cazembe* was deposed, and a more respectful and deferential chieftain installed.

Continuing the march after this instructive interlude, Tippoo marched around the northern end of Lake Mweru, crossed the Lualaba, and entered the far-flung country of Urua, the inhabitants of the frontier region disappearing into the underground caverns (possibly the “underground dwellings” of Cameron’s map), with which the country abounded, in order to escape the marauding Arabs. Further in the country dwelt a chief named Kajumbe, with whom the Arabs bartered for

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ivory; but there was little to be had and the prices were high. So it was with interest that Tippoo received deputations bearing gifts of ivory from two rival chiefs near Lake Kissale, still farther west, and tales of more to be had there, with invitations to visit their provinces. The flies inviting the spider!

At this juncture, also, came ambassadors from Msire, the Sultan of Katanga to the southwest, who brought a message of good will and a tribute of a dozen ivory tusks, which they laid at Tippoo's feet. Tippoo, who had never heard of Msire before, told the delegates, with quick presence of mind, that he understood Msire was a bad Sultan, and that he, Tippoo Tib, would march into Msire's country and devastate it as he had Nsama's and Cazembe's, unless twenty more tusks were sent him.

Tippoo now announced his departure for Lake Kissale, but Kajumbe objected. He wanted to keep the Arabs in his dominion, so long as they had anything to barter for his ivory. Tippoo formed his caravan and unlimbered his guns, and after a short "fight" Kajumbe's proposal for peace was accepted on payment of a fine of nine tusks, and the westward march was resumed.

The two rivals at Lake Kissale were named Kassanga and Tambwe. Their powers were fairly matched, so that they alternated in the ascendancy—the victor living in the metropolis on the shore of the lake, supported by the labor and tributes of the people, and the vanquished in the jungle near by until he could gather sufficient

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strength to gain the victory, whereupon he took his turn in the principal village, and his rival retired to the forest. This was just the situation for Tippoo; he could pick the side which best suited him, and with his firearms surely and quickly decide the issue. It was hardly on account of a sporting sympathy for the under dog, the cast-out Tambwe, that Tippoo decided in his favor; we can be fairly sure he reasoned that a restored chieftain would be more pliable and grateful than one merely confirmed in power. On nearing the lake, Kassanga, who was then in power, sent another emissary to Tippoo, but failing to receive satisfaction, "attacked" (it is time to "quote" the word) a party of Tippoo's water-carriers, and stole their containers. This affront was all that Tippoo needed; he burned several of Kassanga's villages, forced him to flee the lake, and enslaved a number of subjects who were not quite so fleet of foot as their lord. Next day Tambwe reëntered the town, resumed his old place as chieftain, and received Tippoo Tib with honors and gratitude. But the promised El Dorado again failed to materialize. There was not the great quantity of ivory about that Tippoo had been led to expect. What next to do? Where was the promised land?

It was, on reflection, something of a situation in which Tippoo and his expedition now found themselves. The time, as near as we can estimate from subsequent chronologically recorded events, was sometime in 1872; and the Arabs had set out from Zanzibar at about the end

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of 1869. They had now been cut off from all contact with their friends since leaving Tabora, over two years before, and had marched and fought their way through hostile lands almost continuously during that time. They were now in the very heart of savage Africa, with eight hundred miles of forests, mountains, and plains, and sullen, conquered, or devastated countries between themselves and the nearest friendly settlement, Tabora; and Zanzibar lay another several hundred miles beyond that. Not so far, at home, with our motor-cars and railroads; but we must measure the Arabs' isolation in the depths of the dark, hostile continent, at the rate of four to six miles marching per day!

Kumba-kumba might be guarding the rear in Itahua, several hundred miles behind them, or he might have gone back to Tabora, with Nsama's ivory—they did not know. (As a matter of fact, Kumba-kumba was in his stockaded village at the south of Lake Tanganyika, through which, a few months later, Livingstone's eviscerated remains were to be carried on the heroic *marche funèbre* to the coast.)

But Tippoo's men still had plenty of metal scraps and good old Yankee blasting-powder to cram in their guns; and when Tippoo heard that still farther toward the setting sun, on the banks of the Lomami, was an unknown land, he made up his mind at once. For, said Tippoo, a land in which no freeman had ever been and

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where the savages had never heard the sound of guns, must be rich in ivory.

v

Tippoo and his conquering horde marched west until they came to the Lomami, and then struck northward along its bank. The natives of the region were quite as simple as Tippoo had heard—they asked the Arabs if their guns were pestles for pounding corn. So far the Arabs had found only meager supplies of ivory; but, as luck would have it, they now picked up a native who was a veritable gold-mine of useful information. He advised them, first, that Utetera, not far to the north, was the land of ivory they had been seeking; that in that country reigned an old Sultan named Kassongo, who was the son of Mwana Mapunga. Kassongo once had had two sisters, Kina Daramumba and Kitoto, who had been carried off by a hostile chief named Rungu Kabare, who in his day had been something of a Napoleon in the country round about; and what had become of the sisters, Kassongo's tribe had never known. There was the germ of an idea in the *shenzi's* story, and Tippoo Tib jotted it all down carefully.

There was ivory in the land they found as they marched on; the natives brought quantities to Tippoo Tib, and as no traders had visited them before, they had no idea of its value. For a couple of pieces of bark cloth, a bit of coral and a yard of cotton cloth, worth altogether

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but a few cents, the Arabs secured from seventy to a hundred pounds of ivory. Tippoo said they gave the *shenzis* whatever they wanted, and then chased them away. So rapid and extensive was the business that in a fortnight there was little ivory left in the neighborhood, so the march into Utetera was resumed. A deposed chief of a near-by tribe called the Wakahuja, one Pange Bondo, appeared with a tribute of tusks, asking the intercession of Tippoo as a means of regaining his throne, and attached himself to the caravan. A little farther on they met Pange's successor, who came, escorted by several hundred men, to trade for ivory. There was a large concourse, and the Arabs took the usual precautions, or shall we say, made the usual preparations. His men, so Tippoo said, all had their guns slung about them, and bullets conveniently at hand. Given these circumstances, it was not surprising that Tippoo's men should be again "attacked." At any rate, the Arabs opened fire and mowed down the comparatively defenseless natives on all sides, burned their villages, drove off their cattle, and gathered up the ivory they found. Peace was then arranged and Pange Bondo set up in his old place. It was the story of Tambwe and Kassanga all over again. Tippoo, finding a number of Uteterans among the captives taken during the fighting, singled them out, and took them along with him.

Soon there appeared another deputation from Utetera and Kassongo, bidding Tippoo welcome and imparting the pleasing information that Kassongo had plenty of

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ivory—that what Tippoo had secured recently had originally come from him. This was the point for the big news to break. So Tippoo told the emissaries that the invitation gratified him, for Utetera was, in fact, his home and old Kassongo his blood relative, explaining, as he warmed to his story, how Rungu Kabare had stolen the women and taken them to a distant land, where his (Tippoo's) grandfather had bought one of them, married her, and by her had had a daughter, who was the relator's own mother. Then he went on with a *fol-de-rol* about what his mother had told him of her grandfather, Mwana Mapunga, and the land of her mother's birth, and how she had said that his uncle was a great sultan named Kassongo, and finally how he, Tippoo Tib, had determined to visit the land of his people and had fought and passed through countless perils in order to do so. The deputation dashed off with all this interesting misinformation, and Tippoo followed in dignity with his invincible and seasoned troops. On the way the caravan was met by Ribwe, a relative of Kassongo's, who had heard the great news. He greeted Tippoo warmly with several hundred goats and twenty tusks as an earnest of his affections. Next came additional envoys from Kassongo, to escort Tippoo to the capital. There the credulous old Kassongo received him, and beamed with satisfaction as Tippoo, bandying all the family names with the greatest familiarity, repeated his breathless tale and wound up by restoring to their tribesmen, as proof

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of his brotherly devotion, the Uteterans he had rescued from the recently defeated Wakahuja.

There was a grand palaver then, of the old Sultan and his eminent nephew, at which the state of the nation and its portion of ivory was no doubt investigated at length. The secrecies of the inner council have veiled the events leading up to the momentous decision that was made; but we are permitted to suspect that perhaps Tippoo, glancing over his shoulder at the grim gun-bearers who accompanied him, suggested to Kassongo that he was getting a bit aged for the cares of state, and that for reasons of health it would be best to hand over the reins to his more active nephew, now that he had arrived; or possibly he persuaded the old chief that the people wanted a change of administration, anyhow; but at any rate Kassongo, according to Tippoo, "resigned" the next morning, and Tippoo forthwith became the Sultan of Utetera, with all the possibilities that in a good ivory country the office implied.

V

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I

NOW here was Tippoo Tib Sultan of Utetera and overlord of the country of Kassongo in the very middle of Central Africa, with the lives and fates of thousands of naked savages in his hands, firmly ensconced on the piles of plundered ivory which constituted his throne, backed by the might of the thousand muzzle-loaders carried by his adventurous compatriots, half-castes, and slaves, all of whom served him with a devotion and obedience born of the successful fulfillment of the wildest dreams of plunder and rapine.

Tippoo at once promulgated regulations for the proper conduct and expressions of gratitude of his new subjects. Each village was required to produce a tribute of tusks of ivory, taxes were to be paid in ivory, Tippoo's price for the appointment or continuance in office of every chief and sub-chief was payable in ivory, all disputes between his subjects, and all fines, were settled in ivory, so that heaping piles of elephants' tusks were laid before Tippoo daily. But far from being satisfied, this only whetted Tippoo's greed the more. He sent out his

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headsmen with parties of a dozen or score of guns apiece, in all directions, with but one order—to bring him ivory. These flying squadrons of Zanzibari and Manyema half-castes and slaves burned, killed, and plundered the country for miles around, falling on the unsuspecting villagers with fire and thunder at the cock-crow of a peaceful African morning, shooting the men as they rushed out of the burning huts, knocking down the women and children and binding them before they could escape; then searching the village for ivory, and marching back with their train of captives loaded with the stolen treasure.

It was on one of these “trading” ventures that one of Tippoo’s most valuable lieutenants, his uncle, Bushir bin Habib el Wardi, and his entire company of sixty marauders were slaughtered and eaten by the Wakusu, a tribe living in the country to the west. At the news, Tippoo marched at once with an overwhelming force of Zanzibaris, Uteterans, and Manyemas to the scene of the disaster, and paid for the participation of his savage allies, after the battle which ensued, with the bodies of his fallen enemies. There was so much human meat that two Manyemas, so said Tippoo, ate a whole man between them. When all had killed and eaten to satiety, peace was concluded, the Wakusus paying Tippoo an indemnity of one tusk for each man of Bushir’s unfortunate mission; so that these sixty tusks, added to those he seized, made a respectable profit. On the return from this successful campaign, Tippoo Tib marched southward

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against his old enemy the Wakahuja, who had forgotten, in his absence, the lesson he had taught them not so long before. He conquered them again, more thoroughly this time, and seized a large quantity of ivory and food.

At the completion of this campaign all the country round about, except that in the north where Tippoo had not yet penetrated, was thoroughly cowed and terrorized, and the chiefs were surrendering their ivory with regularity. The chief to the north, Lusuna (Cameron's "Russuna"), did not wait for the storm to break in his direction; he sent an envoy with a present of ivory to Tippoo, bespeaking an alliance. The envoy learned that some of Tippoo's guns needed repairs, and astonished Tippoo with the news that not more than ten to fourteen days' march to the northeast, on the Lualaba, was an Arab settlement called Nyangwe, where there were *fundis* who could fix the guns for him. As his guns were his chief articles of "barter," Tippoo set off quickly for Nyangwe, but at Lusuna's halted temporarily to arrange the details of the proposed alliance, and sent a body of men ahead to investigate. On the way the scouting party met with some hostility at a native village, which they promptly burned; and thus a party of Nyangwe Arabs, arriving at the place a few days afterward, knew that some of their countrymen were about. On the pretext of avenging the devastation of their village, the Nyangwe party secured from the inhabitants information which enabled them to overtake the destroyers, who told them,

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of course, that they belonged to Tippoo Tib. Tippoo was sent for, and soon appeared, whereupon he was recognized as none other than Hamed bin Muhammed. The combined party joyfully proceeded to Nyangwe, where the sound of their warning gun-fire was heard by all the Arab and native community and by an Englishman named Cameron, who had just arrived after eighteen months' journey from the eastern coast.

This was in August, 1874. It was the first time in nearly five years that Tippoo had had news from the outside world. Among other things, he learned from Cameron of the death of the Englishman, Baba Daoud, (Father David—*i.e.*, Livingstone) whom he had befriended in Nsama's country some seven years before. Tippoo, exhibiting his usual trait of courtesy to Europeans, now befriended Cameron in turn by breaking the bonds of indifference and neglect which had for a fortnight blocked Cameron's further progress; he escorted Cameron over the Lualaba, which he had hitherto been unable to cross, and then took him to his own camp in Utetera. On the journey some of the Nyangwe followers accompanying the caravan were recognized as old enemies by the natives, and greeted with a volley of arrows. The Nyangwe people retaliated with their guns, and while the fighting was going on, Tippoo appeared. The natives recognized him, and the fracas stopped; but in the meantime several of them had been killed by the Arabs. Tippoo compelled the Nyangwe men to pay blood-

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money for the fallen *shenzis*, and, with that sudden stern righteousness of which only the hardened sinner is capable, administered sound beatings to some of the carriers who had been looting the village in the confusion of the battle.

Tippoo's camp, which they reached after about a week's march, was, so Cameron says, well arranged and situated on a slight eminence above the Lomami. Cameron was provided, he continues, with a very comfortable house having two rooms and a bathroom; and sheds were supplied for his servants and cookshop. The only disagreeable thing about the camp was the number of slaves in chains who met his eye at every turn; but except that they were deprived of their freedom and confined in order to prevent their running away, they seemed to Cameron to lead a fairly comfortable life and be well fed.

Tippoo showed Cameron a calabash containing about a quart of gold nuggets—varying in size from the tip of Cameron's little finger to small beads—which Tippoo said one of his slaves had brought him from Katanga, thinking they might be used for shot. Tippoo, of course, knew it for gold, but said he had not secured more, not knowing whether such little bits were of any use.

After enjoying Tippoo's hospitality for nine days, Cameron departed, Tippoo sending him with guides to a point where Cameron found traders from the west coast, by whose assistance he was enabled to reach the

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Atlantic and thus immortalize himself as the first European to cross equatorial Africa from east to west.

What discoveries might not Livingstone have made had he had the good fortune to find Tippoo Tib at Nyangwe a few years before, when he was turned back because no hand would help him!

II

Tippoo remained at Kassongo's, the scene of his parting with Cameron, for several months, to afford further assistance to the European, should Cameron require it, and then set out for Manyuema, the country in which Nyangwe was situated, after appointing a successor to Kassongo, now in his dotage, and leaving a hundred Wanyamwezi with guns to back up the new incumbent's authority. At Nyangwe Tippoo's second arrival, this time at the head of a small army with hundreds of guns, was again hailed with delight, and he was pressed to remain, as the presence of his force would insure the safety of the Arab community, but Tippoo, after looking them over, decided it was not worth his while to stop, and marched up the river to Mwana Mamba, (literally, "Child of the crocodile") sometimes called Kwakassongo or Kasongo, where he had learned that friends from Zanzibar resided. There he was warmly greeted by the somewhat precariously situated raiders, who promptly appointed him commander-in-chief. Tippoo was not long in claiming that a number of his slaves had been stolen by neighboring

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savages. There was another punitive expedition, which was halted on the usual terms. After all, one's ivory is worth less than one's life.

Tippoo now put his hands to peaceful pursuits for a change. He set his slaves to building up the settlement of Mwana Mamba and putting the land under cultivation; he sold quantities of rice, sugar cane, maize and other produce to Nyangwe and other settlements, for ivory; and sent off caravans loaded with tusks to Tabora. There his half-brother Kumba-kumba forwarded them to the coast, and sent back word of his safe arrival in Tabora several years before with Nsama's ivory and of his sending it to Zanzibar to Taria Topan and Ladha Damha and Tippoo's other Zanzibar creditors. Part of the proceeds from the sale of the ivory to the American and European traders was invested in new supplies of powder and bar lead and other necessities of commerce, which Muhammed now rushed to Tippoo. Now all the way from Tabora westward the country had been subjugated by Tippoo or was in the control of his allies, and Tippoo Tib, by virtue of his overwhelming guns and the fresh supplies of munitions of war sent out by Kumba-kumba, was virtually the uncrowned emperor of thousands of square miles of the territory of the Congo Basin, with absolute power of life or death over the hundreds of thousands of followers, slaves, and savages inhabiting his domain.

Tippoo had ruled at Mwana Mamba for about two

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years—making seven years now since he had left Zanzibar and creditors behind—when there appeared the third white man whom he was to befriend in Africa.

Stanley had left Zanzibar twenty-three months before, and after circumnavigating the Victoria Nyanza, discovering Lake Albert Edward, and circumnavigating Lake Tanganyika, arrived at Mwana Mamba, Tippoo Tib's headquarters, in October, 1876. Stanley gives a striking account of his meeting with the all-powerful raider, speaking of Tippoo's alertness and energy, his intelligent face, his spotless clothing and general appearance of prosperity, and the admiration with which his young Arab lieutenants looked upon him; making, also, the observation that Tippoo impressed him as being the most remarkable Arab he had encountered in Africa. It was a meeting pregnant with developments for Stanley, as this and after years showed.

Stanley had reached, as he himself says, the critical point of the expedition. At Nyangwe, just a few marches ahead, Livingstone had been turned back; he learned that Cameron nearly had shared the same disappointment; that though no one there knew what had finally become of Cameron, at least Tippoo Tib had enabled him to pass the barrier and had delivered him to the Portuguese traders from the west coast. But Cameron had turned *south*, and Livingstone had had to retrace his steps to the east; the way *north*, which meant the discovery of the final destination of the great Lualaba's

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stream, still lay open. Stanley, the grimmest, most determined, most forceful of all the African explorers, resolved that this geographical prize should be his.

But Stanley knew well enough that probably, without Tippoo's active help, and certainly, in the case of Tippoo's hostility, his men never would agree to penetrate the regions down the unknown river. But he reasoned that if he could but get his people far enough down the stream with Tippoo's help, the danger of rebellion and desertion would be past; his men would then have no course but to follow wherever he led. He made his overtures to Tippoo, proposed a considerable sum for his assistance, and anxiously awaited the Arab's decision. At first Tippoo was inclined to refuse; he said, with entire truth, that the money was no object, and saw no reason for risking his life down the unknown river on such a foolish, inconsequential quest as Stanley had in mind; he, Tippoo, saw much more profit in remaining in Manyuema, where ivory and slaves were to be had so easily.

Tippoo said later that his final decision to accompany Stanley was made more out of a desire to be of service to the white man than from any pecuniary motive; and considering his usual courtesies to Europeans, and his kindnesses to Livingstone and Cameron in particular, we may with confidence give him the benefit of any doubt there may be. Certainly the sum of 7,000 Zanzibar dollars which figured in the agreement was not of itself enough to induce Tippoo to undertake the perils and discomforts

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of the journey along the river's downward course; Tippoo did not need the money; moreover, a few weeks' raiding by his zealous underlings, while he remained at ease in Mwana Mamba, would net him as much.

Early in November the combined forces left Nyangwe; Stanley with 150 men and women in his caravan; and Tippoo Tib with 700 in his portion of the expedition. Three hundred of Tippoo's force, however, were to strike off after a few days' march, on a marauding expedition to the northeast. Of the 400 who were to accompany Stanley, Tippoo, as chief, had half a dozen Zanzibari Arabs as his principal officers, and the lesser rank and file consisted of a motley collection of about 250 Wanyamwezis (natives from the district around Tabora) and Ruga-ruga (forest bandits), carrying spears and bows and arrows; also about a hundred others, the backbone of his force, Warua and Manyuema slaves and Arab half-breeds, armed with the omnipotent musket; and about fifty women, a score of whom belonged to Tippoo personally and the other thirty to his lieutenants and headmen.

For about ten days, marching two and resting one, as agreed, they went on through the dismal forest along the river; then Tippoo, egged on by his chief subordinates, who could see some profit in marching across the country to enslave and pillage but none whatever in this crazy scheme of finding where the river emptied, told Stanley he would go no farther with him. This was a crushing

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blow. They were then only about 74 miles from Nyangwe; if Tippoo deserted now, while they were still so close to the temptations of the Arab town, Stanley realized that the result would have been the destruction of all his hopes. His urgent pleading with Tippoo was successful and the journey was resumed. About a week later, when they again reached the river, Stanley put his collapsible boat together and proceeded by the river, with a small force, while Tippoo with the bulk of the expedition continued afoot. They met and separated, under this arrangement, several times.

On one day during this part of the journey Tippoo became a widower; not once, but thrice. Three of his wives succumbed to a wave of smallpox and were buried in the river. They were among the youngest, and the favorites, of his harem: but Tippoo was not altogether bereft, for he had, as may be seen by subtraction, seventeen left.

On December 18th, at a point called Vinya Njara, a little over 200 miles downstream from Nyangwe, Stanley met such fierce opposition from the savages that during the three days' fight which ensued his position was precarious in the extreme; luckily, Tippoo and the main force appeared, and cleared the woods. The reunited forces then assumed the aggressive, and in the fighting captured a number of boats and canoes. Now with these boats, enough to float his own entire force, in his possession, Stanley felt secure, for now they could proceed on

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the bosom of the broad river and protect themselves in a manner impossible while marching in single file through the dark, dense forests which overgrew each bank. Also, he was now far enough from Nyangwe to feel assured that his men would not dare to desert. Accordingly, says Stanley, the two parties prepared to separate. It was desirable, though, to secure two more large canoes, which Tippoo said he contrived to steal easily enough; and it was also necessary to arrange Tippoo's get-away with all his men, without Stanley's men following. So Tippoo staged a scene of mock heroics and angry buncombe, at the close of which he turned to Stanley's men and said that he would kill any of them who dared follow him back toward Nyangwe.

A day or so later, on December 25, 1876, was held a final celebration before the parting. A strange Christmas Day it was, in the depths of the dark, dripping forest in the very heart of unknown Africa, this company of two white men (Stanley and Frank Pocock, who was drowned a few months later in the same river that now flowed before them), a dozen Arabs, and scores of half-castes, natives, slaves, and savages, surrounded on all sides by more savages and cannibals. There were feasting and drinking and sports, Tippoo Tib beating Frank Pocock in the event of the day, a footrace through the camp; and at Tippoo's suggestion, to quiet the murmurs among Stanley's men of their leader's backwardness in the matter of *bakshishi*, Stanley distributed several bundles of

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merikani to his uneasy followers. Two mornings later Stanley's force embarked in their flotilla, paddled up the river a bit, then turned around and swept downstream at full speed past Tippoo's people, who lined the bank, in one last dramatic gesture, "into the unknown."

For over seven months after that Stanley fought and forced his way down the mysterious river, reaching the Atlantic in August, 1877, proving the Lualaba of the Nyangwe Arabs to be the Upper Congo, and completing what was probably the greatest journey in the history of African exploration.

III

Tippoo, as in Cameron's case, waited some time, a month or more, at the point of parting, to afford Stanley further assistance if it should be needed, but hearing nothing from him, struck south and west toward the upper Lomami, finding the country there a veritable depository of ivory tusks. Tippoo said he had many "fights" with the natives there, and then, laden with all the ivory that his men could carry, they marched eastward again to Tippoo's personal province of Utetera, where for another two or three years, bringing the time to some time in 1879, Tippoo resumed his usual business of "trading" and receiving tribute at the old stand. It was during this period that he received a letter from Stanley from Zanzibar, announcing his safe return there, and inclosing, instead of the notice of gifts so lavishly promised, an

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autographed photograph of the explorer! But to make up for this disappointment, there came from Seyyid Barghash, the new Sultan of Zanzibar, the present of a new repeating-rifle; and one came also from Taria Topan, with the suggestion that as the donor had not seen Tippoo for ten years now (whereas his loans had been arranged for two), it would be an extreme pleasure to greet him personally once more. Seyyid Barghash supplemented this with an invitation of his own. Tippoo made plans to return to Zanzibar.

It took another full year to complete the arrangements to leave. Tippoo had large and far-flung interests which would need much attention while he was away. He selected at last his most capable and energetic go-getters, who had no scruples over a little bloodshed and extortion, when necessary or expedient, to keep the ivory coming in and the settlements well manned with slaves for working the gardens and native women for breeding new half-caste raiders. Then after leaving a compatriot called by the natives Nyongo Luteta ("Bitter as Bile") in command at the important post of Utetera, and taking with him as escort his cousin, Muhammed bin Said (known as Bwana Nzige—"Master Locust"—from the manner in which he swarmed over the country and "ate up" everything in it), Tippoo set off on the long march to Bagamoyo on the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar.

Tippoo Tib, it may be said here, did not make his slaves carry him, and there were, on account of the rav-

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ages of the tsetse fly in the intervening countries, no horses or donkeys to serve as mounts. He walked, like his humblest follower, over the thousands of miles he traveled in Central Africa. Likewise he did not lord it over his subjects by a show of grand living. When he was asked, "How comes it that Tippoo Tib, the chief of all the country, the richest man from here to Zanzibar, lives in a *tembe* such as this, without a better roof?" he would answer that luxury might turn his head and cause him to forget that he was only Hamed bin Muhammed, a mere Arab of Zanzibar like the rest.

Now with the plunder from the Lomami country, there was so much ivory to be taken along that Tippoo's slaves could not carry it all at one time; so part would be transported ahead and stored, and then the porters and slaves would return to fetch the remainder, so that the men had to cover the distance three times; and thus it took half a year, instead of the usual month or two, to reach Lake Tanganyika.

When they arrived at Ujiji, across the lake, an added complication arose in the person of a most interesting individual, Mirambo by name. Mirambo was, like Tippoo Tib, a self-made man; and his activities caused at times as much stir east of the Tanganyika as Tippoo's did to the westward of it. When as a young man Mirambo had been cheated out of whatever inheritance might have been his, by an Arab intrigue, he determined to go into business for himself and get his revenge at the same time.

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He first attacked some small Arab caravans, seized their guns and powder, and, with them, seized more. To make a long story short, in a few years he was a terror to the ivory caravans all the way from the Victoria Nyanza in the north to Lake Tanganyika in the west and Nyassa in the south.

Mirambo was a tall and stately man, who looked every inch the chief, and is described by those who knew him, to be, despite his lapses into barbarism when dealing with those he wished to plunder or overcome, a progressive, upright, and manly ruler, and one whose faith with the white men with whom he came in contact was never broken. He had hired the minions of a warlike tribe called the Angoni, whose accouterments and implements of war were the same hide shields and short and long assegais used for throwing and stabbing, respectively, of the all-conquering Zulus of what is now Natal. These warriors, with his personal troops armed with muskets, made a force to be seriously reckoned with by anyone.

Mirambo knew his power, and he was shrewd in business, as witness his proposal to the white men he met later, who were dragging overland, in sections, the first modern boat to float upon the waters of the Tanganyika. "It is good work," he said. "The lake is large. I shall call it my boat, and you can ferry my men across with my ivory as they come from the Congo; and in exchange I

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will give you my country to hunt in, or to live in, and I will always be your friend."

But to return to the episode which introduces Mirambo into our narrative.

Few people of today know or recall that about sixty years ago the American flag floated over a battlefield in the interior of Central Africa, and, humiliatingly enough, waved over the vanquished side.

Stanley was at that time a citizen of the United States; had fought, curiously enough, on both sides in our Civil War, first as a soldier in the Confederate army, and then as a sailor in the Federal navy; and the Livingstone expedition was an American one, financed by American money—James Gordon Bennett's, to be exact. The invariable custom in those days in Central Africa was for each caravan, on every march, to be headed by a *kiran-gozi*, or flag-bearer, carrying the national colors of the caravan; so that the American flag led Stanley's column wherever the caravan proceeded through the country.

When nearing Tabora at the time we have mentioned, Stanley learned at the Arab settlements of the presence of Mirambo, who blocked his further progress. The impulsive and impatient Anglo-American listened to the irate Arabs, and foolishly (the word is his own) decided to join them in giving this disturber a much-needed lesson and reopening at the same time, the regular trade route along which he wished to proceed. Altogether a force of over 2,200 men and 1,500 muskets, including

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Stanley's men and guns, marched out to war. After the aggressive little army had captured a hostile stockade auspiciously enough, Mirambo, through a series of ambushes, fell upon some detached columns and parties, and killed them almost to a man. Thereupon the rest of the force, Stanley and the American flag included, rushed pell-mell back to the safety of the Arab town, where Stanley left his allies flat while he made a quick, wide detour to the south in order to reach Ujiji and Livingstone without further attention from the conquering Mirambo.

On Tippoo's becoming further acquainted with the situation he at once sent off a messenger to Zanzibar, asking the Sultan for a caravan of powder, that he might reopen the trade route from the lake to the coast; and then with a part of his ivory started on a roundabout southward march, as Stanley had done, to avoid Mirambo and his well-armed horde. But only a short march from Ujiji the tribe of a near-by district, who were armed with muskets, attacked the rear of the caravan upon Tippoo's refusal to pay tribute for passing through their country, killed some of Tippoo's slaves, captured a number of women, and stole some of the ivory as well. Tippoo, owing to a division of his forces, had only 80 guns at the moment, and so endeavored to regain possession of the women and ivory peaceably, not having sufficient force at his immediate disposal to risk a resort to his usual method of persuasion; but the *shenzis* refused to give up

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anything, and insolently dared him to fight. With Tippoo's reputation at stake, there was no choice. Tippoo halted, built a fortified camp, and sent back to Ujiji for additional men and guns. When these arrived he raided all the surrounding country, and terrorized and depopulated it to such an extent that the ivory could be transported through it without molestation. Then a little further on, in the country of Uvinza, Tippoo stopped for a few days to adjust the matter of an extortionate tax he had had to pay on a former portage because with much ivory and few guns at that time he had not been able to protest the fee in his usual vigorous fashion.

Tippoo now marched on the chief's apparently invincible *boma*, and forestalled the "tank" of the great World War by constructing a wooden stockade on wheels, provided with loopholes for firing, through which the men inside, propelled close to the walls of the hostile fort in the face of the fusillade directed at them, blazed away meanwhile through the slots in the "tank's" walls. All that night, under the covering darkness and inside the protecting "tank," they built up its walls, until by morning the men inside the tank were high enough to shoot over the stockade walls into the fort, and the enemy was at their mercy, if what followed could be so called. Then the journey was resumed, and the ivory reached Tabora safely.

All the way, however, due to the scarcity of carriers, the ivory had to be transported in shifts, the men march-

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ing back and forth over each stage, so that with this, and the fighting *en route*, nearly another half-year was consumed. Then Tippoo went back to Ujiji to fetch the rest, and as luck would have it, found there the powder which the Sultan had sent him.

Tippoo gathered up the rest of the ivory, and with over 500 guns and plenty of ammunition started directly across country for Tabora. On the way, when well into the country dominated by Mirambo, a sudden and unexpected rain fell, and Tippoo, fearing the powder in the loaded muskets had been dampened, ordered all the guns fired off at once, that they might be reloaded with fresh powder on which they could depend in case of sudden need. The volley from the hundreds of guns rang out, and was heard by Mirambo, who was encamped near-by. "That must be Tippoo Tib," said Mirambo. "Nobody else shoots like that." The upshot of it was that Tippoo and Mirambo met, and made a lasting peace which resulted in the reopening of the trade route, which redounded greatly to Tippoo's credit in the councils of Zanzibar and among the Arab traders in the interior whose businesses had been hampered by Mirambo's warfare.

IV

In addition to these diversions, Tippoo was visited, near Tabora, by the German explorer Wissman; and Wissman requested that Tippoo escort him during the

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remainder of the journey to the coast, particularly through the hostile country of Ugogo. Tippoo, of course, acceded to this with his usual courtesy to Europeans, and so they went along together.

It was during the latter portion of this journey, when nearing Mpapwa, that one of the parties making up Tippoo's caravan was met by a pioneer white missionary, who describes the procession and meeting in these words, which, if one has formed from the preceding pages too lenient a view of Tippoo's accomplishments, quickly will restore the true perspective.

"As they filed past we noticed many chained together by the neck. Others had their necks fastened into the forks of poles about six feet long, the ends of which were supported by the men who preceded them. The neck is often broken if the slave falls in walking. The women, who were as numerous as the men, carried babies on their backs in addition to a tusk of ivory on their heads. They looked at us with suspicion and fear, having been told that white men always desired to release slaves in order to eat their flesh, like the Upper Congo cannibals.

"It is difficult adequately to describe the filthy state of their bodies; in many instances, not only scarred by the cut of a *chikote* (a piece of hide used to enforce obedience), but feet and shoulders were a mass of open sores, made more painful by the swarms of flies which followed the march and lived on the flowing blood. They presented a moving picture of utter misery, and one could not help

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wondering how many of them had survived the long tramp from the Upper Congo, at least 1,000 miles distant.

"The headmen in charge were most polite to us as they passed our camp. Each was armed with a rifle, knife, and spear, and although decently clothed in clean cotton garments, they presented a thoroughly villainous appearance.

"Addressing one, I pointed out that many of the slaves were unfit to carry loads. To this he smilingly replied:

" 'They have no choice! *They must go, or die!*'

" 'Are all these slaves destined for Zanzibar?'

" 'Most of them, the remainder will stay at the coast.'

" 'Have you lost many on the road?'

" 'Yes! numbers have died of hunger!'

" 'Any run away?'

" 'No, they are too well guarded. Only those who become possessed with the devil try to escape; there is nowhere they could run to if they should go.'

" 'What do you do when they become too ill to travel?'

" 'Spear them at once!' was the fiendish reply. 'For, if we did not, others would pretend they were ill in order to avoid carrying their loads. No! we never leave them alive on the road; they all know our custom.'

" 'I see women carrying not only a child on their backs, but, in addition, a tusk of ivory or other burden on their heads. What do you do in their case when they

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become too weak to carry both child and ivory? Who carries the ivory?’

“ ‘She does! We cannot leave valuable ivory on the road. We spare the child and make her burden lighter. Ivory first, child afterwards!’ ”

It was with an ivory-and-slave caravan like this that Wissman, as Livingstone, Speke and Cameron, and the other white explorers had done before, had to travel in order to get through the African countries with which their names are now indissolubly linked.

On Wissman's reaching the Indian Ocean opposite Zanzibar, in November, 1882, he completed the first crossing of Central Africa from west to east. (Livingstone had crossed in the same direction some twenty years before, but his route had been rather through northern South Africa instead of the central portion of the continent.)

It was the end of 1882 when Tippoo Tib reached Zanzibar. He had been away for thirteen years. The amount of bloodshed, of slaving, of plundering, of devastated and depopulated country, that marked his trails across the present territory of Tanganyika and the Upper Congo basin during that time, never will be fully known; it was, we do know, incalculable.

It had taken well over a year for Tippoo Tib to force his way through, and relay his ivory, from Ujiji to the coast. During this year and more, when no ivory of consequence was arriving at Zanzibar on account of Mirambo's

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blockade, the Yankees in the Connecticut ivory-cutting factories were starving for ivory tusks in the same manner that the mill operatives in Lancashire suffered from lack of cotton during the blockade of the South in our Civil War. The arrival of Tippoo, with tons and tons of ivory, and the news that he had arranged peace with Mirambo and that the trade route was again open, were hailed with shouts of joy that reverberated from the eastern coast of Africa to the inner shores of Long Island Sound; and Tippoo was a hero in the streets of Zanzibar, in the houses of the Arab, European, and Yankee traders, and in the palace of Seyyid Barghash, the Sultan.

Tippoo sold his ivory for some 30,000 pounds sterling, reinvested a large part of the money in more muskets, blasting-powder, percussion caps, bar lead, beads, and *merikani*, and within eighteen months from the time he set foot in Zanzibar was back again at his field headquarters at Mwana Mamba, in the center of the tragic land of slaughter and robbery, with his vast store of new weapons and materials of destruction.

VI

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I

HEARING complaints from the westward from his compatriot, the dean of Arab traders, old Jumah Merikani, to whom, it will be remembered, he had sent the Englishman, Cameron, Tippoo Tib started for the scene of the difficulty. The local chief, it seems, had enticed Jumah within his dominions by the false promise of free trading; but instead, the rascal of a savage would not allow his subjects to deal with the Arab directly, all the ivory having to pass through his hands, while as middleman he obtained an exorbitant commission; and, moreover, he would not allow old Jumah to leave the country. Just before Tippoo arrived, the chief had seized a few tusks which belonged to one of Tippoo's men.

It was fortunate for Jumah Merikani that this had happened, for when Tippoo appeared old Jumah was indubitably drunk, proving it by falling fast asleep during the interview at their meeting; thereupon Tippoo declared old Jumah was no true Mohammedan and said he washed his hands of him. But the story of Tippoo's ivory reopened the whole matter, and next morning Tip-

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poo and the sobered and penitent Jumah settled things to their satisfaction with the erring chief, who restored the stolen ivory, guaranteed free trade and movement to Jumah, and paid an involuntary fee of ten tusks to Tippoo for his services in arbitrating the difficulties that had arisen. Next Tippoo proceeded through the country over which his deputy, Nyongo Luteta, governed, and found the ivory tributes coming in satisfactorily; and so on to Nyangwe.

Now with all the conquered territories in proper shape under the master's firm, ubiquitous hand, it was an opportune moment to extend the scope of operations. Some four hundred miles down the Lualaba from Nyangwe, about twice the distance downstream which Tippoo had traveled with Stanley, the Belgians, in the name of the newly formed Congo Free State, and working from the west coast, had established their farthest trading-station, at a point called Stanley Falls. To this place Tippoo proceeded in force, raiding the country as he went along. Utterly ignoring the authority the Belgians claimed and their assertions that they were there on behalf of Europe to stop the very business of murder and kidnapping and robbery in which the Arabs were engaged, Tippoo established a number of fortified "trading-posts" around the Falls, sent out his raiding parties like so many packs of bloodhounds, fan-wise in all directions through the northern part of the great Congo forest, and secured a tremendous number of ivory tusks and slaves, which he

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sent up the river to Nyangwe as fast as suitable caravans could be assembled. At this time Tippoo's stations literally overflowed with ivory; for the stream of tusks that used to find its way out through the Bahr-el-Ghazal now was dammed by the Mahdist uprising in the Sudan and was obliged to turn south toward the Congo Arabs. From Nyangwe the ivory was dispatched to Zanzibar, while the human captives were used for working in the fields which encircled the Arab settlements, for filling the harems of his subordinates after replenishing his own, and for currency in purchasing ivory from other Arab traders, or many times, horribly enough, to exchange for ivory with the cannibal tribes of the regions round about. The raiders of one of Tippoo's expeditions under Salim bin Muhammed went into the stewpot themselves.

This happened in a small village called Basoko, on the Aruwimi, when an advance party of the raiders mistook the pressing of large quantities of palm wine upon them by the villagers as an expression of hospitality. When most of the slaves were comfortably drunk, the *shenzis* fell upon them with huge knives and cut ten of them to pieces as they lay stretched upon the ground. A few others who had refrained from drinking, owing to strict observance of the prohibitions of their Moslem faith, took to the river just in time and barely escaped to tell the doleful tale. Salim pressed upriver the following morning to avenge the massacre, but the cannibals, seeing the canoes, escaped. He landed, and found several

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legs and arms of his men in the cooking-pots the savages had left in their hurried flight, also a few bundles of fingers tied together as we bunch asparagus tips, hanging on a near-by bush.

Seyyid Barghash, back in Zanzibar, was alarmed at the reports that reached him of the Belgian penetration and its increasing influence. He ordered Tippoo to do everything to hold the country from which came the ivory which did so much to swell the trade of his lovely island. "Send me," Tippoo replied, "guns and powder." Barghash sent word to Tippoo to return to Zanzibar to formulate their plans together. Tippoo loaded some fifteen tons of ivory tusks on the heads of several hundred porters, and again set off on the long march to the ocean.

This was about the middle of 1886. Tippoo had been away from Zanzibar, this time, for three and a half years. In September he reached Tabora, and found there a European ivory-trader, Giesecke by name, the representative of the pioneering German firm of Meyer, of Hamburg. The antagonism of the Arabs about Tabora at the presence of this infidel competitor had recently culminated in the theft of a portion of his ivory and an attempt, which missed by a bare inch or two, on Giesecke's life. Tippoo saw at once that Giesecke was doomed if he remained, and urged him to return to the coast with him, offering to convoy him and his ivory without cost; and this generous offer the German gratefully accepted.

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At about the same time the Russian explorer Junker, who had left Emin Pasha in the Sudan and had then forced his way southward through Uganda, turned up at Tabora, and hearing of the presence of Tippoo's powerful caravan, at once sought out Tippoo at his camp, to which Giesecke had by this time repaired. He asked for the protection of Tippoo's guns on the journey to the coast, and for forty carriers for his supplies, offering the sum of 750 Zanzibar dollars, which was top pay for that quantity of men for the distance; but Tippoo, because of his engagement with Giesecke, replied that he had no men to spare. Junker, panicky, raised his offer again and again, until the sum of 1,500 dollars was reached, when Tippoo consented. Junker then moved his caravan to Tippoo's camp, and a quick start was determined upon. "Quickly" means to an Arab, it should be understood, any time within the next week, and then only *inshallah*—if Allah so wills. Even then, in the case of a caravan journey, there must be the "little start," the first day, when certain advance parties set out; the "second start," the next day, when another portion, usually including the females of the principal officers, departs; and the "great start," on the third day, when the major and remaining part of the expedition, including the commander himself, departs.

On one of the intervening nights an Arab of the town stole into Tippoo's camp, and this time the shot found its mark, wounding Giesecke mortally as he sat reading in

his tent. After the first excitement was over, Tippoo next morning, with his calm acceptance of fate, asked Junker to count the dead Giesecke's ivory, and in due course Tippoo delivered it intact to Giesecke's superiors in Zanzibar, where Junker and he arrived safely at the end of the year (1886).

(Giesecke was not the first European to die because of his interference, supposed or real, with the Arab ivory trade. Some years before, a Frenchman, M. Maizan, had made the first attempt to penetrate the mainland opposite Zanzibar, but though his expedition was in reality a scientific one, it was not believed to be so by the Arabs, who, says Speke, when they "found a European going into the very middle of their secret trading-places, where such large profits were to be obtained, would never suppose that the scientific Maizan went for any other purpose than to pry into their ivory stores, bring others into the field after him, and destroy their monopoly." Maizan got only a few miles from the coast, when, at a village in Usaramo, he was bidden to the hut of a chieftain called Hembe. As he entered, the chief told him he should die. Maizan was seized, and after two long poles were brought up and lashed crosswise of each other, he was bound to them with arms outstretched, his feet tied, and his head bound back by a rope across the forehead. Thus trussed up, he was propped against a near-by tree; the savage Hembe first severed his articulations, and while the wretched man groaned, implored forgiveness for his sins,

and called the names of his friends whose warnings he had neglected, Hembe paused to whet the dulling knife, and finally wrenched the head from the body. Hembe readily confessed the killing to Speke, but claimed the fault was not his—that his father, who was in the employ of Arab ivory-traders on the coast, had sent him a letter ordering the murder.)

Hardly was Tippoo's back turned on Stanley Falls, when the inevitable clash between the Congo Staters, who stood for civilized progress and orderly trading, and the plundering Arabs, who represented quite the reverse, occurred. Deane, an Englishman, commanded the Free State post at the Falls, and had about 70 native troops, armed with modern repeating-rifles and two Krupp guns, as his force; while Tippoo's cousin, Bwana Nzige, "the Locust," headed the Arabs, who were backed by hundreds of half-castes and Manyuema slaves armed with muzzle-loaders. One day a native woman appeared at Deane's fort and pleaded for his protection. She had, it turned out, been given to Tippoo Tib by her father, to buy Tippoo's friendship, but Tippoo did not like her on account of her pointed teeth, which had been filed according to the custom of the cannibal tribe to which she belonged—we can imagine Tippoo's distaste for this particular bit of decoration after what had happened to Salim bin Muhammed's men, and how it must have marred the pleasure of the intimacy—so he had given her to one of his headmen, by whom, she claimed, she had

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been beaten. Deane sent her back, with a warning to the husband, but not long after she appeared again, in a pitiable condition from a recent flogging, and this time Deane took her in. Then "the Locust" and his son Rashid, and all the leading Arabs, presented themselves at the fort, and demanded the woman's release. This Deane chivalrously, if you will, but certainly foolishly, refused to do. He offered to buy the woman, but the Arabs refused, and as Deane would not give her up, they left him with the remark that he would regret not surrendering her to them. They were not long in acting on their threat; and after an attack lasting two days and nights, during which practically all of Deane's native force deserted him, Deane blew up the station and fled in the darkness. After wandering through the forest like a hunted animal, he finally found a Congo State steamer coming up the river, and was saved, only to meet his death by the tusks and feet of an elephant a year or two later.

II

This was the situation, with the Arabs in complete control of the Stanley Falls region, when Stanley again appeared in Zanzibar in February, 1887, this time on his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, who, after the fall of Khartum and the death of Gordon, had been marooned in the Sudan to the north of Lake Albert. Stanley had decided to make his entry into Africa *via* the west

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coast, in order to avoid the hostile Arabs who controlled the eastern route and the Upper Congo basin. In Cairo, while on his way out to Zanzibar to recruit his native force, he met Junker, who was on the way home after reaching the coast under Tippoo's guidance. Junker suggested to Stanley that Tippoo be employed as a member or ally of the coming expedition, but this idea Stanley derided, saying that the forces of law and humanity which the expedition represented scarcely could ally themselves with so notorious a scoundrel as old Tippoo.

On the voyage out, however, Stanley must have given serious thought to Junker's suggestion, for on the very day of his arrival at Zanzibar he sounded out Tippoo on the subject, and, as he says, found Tippoo fully prepared either to fight him or be employed by him. Among the supplies to be carried to Emin was a large quantity of powder and ammunition to be left with Emin in case he elected not to leave the country; and, as Stanley said, if this material was captured by Tippoo's men, it would mean at least the ruin of the expedition, if not the endangering of the Congo Free State itself. It was patently much the better solution to secure Tippoo's friendship, so Stanley proceeded along those lines, and held forth about the presents Tippoo would receive for his services. At this Tippoo produced a number of Krupp shells which the Arabs had picked up at Stanley Falls, and exclaimed angrily that those were the kind of presents he could expect from Europeans; but Stanley, who could be

a diplomat when he chose, mollified him by referring to the fight at Stanley Falls as a result of the stubbornness of two young hotheads, Deane and Rashid, declaring that it never would have occurred had older men, with the wisdom that went with gray hairs like Tippoo's and his own, been there instead.

As a matter of fact, Tippoo had had some ideas about an Emin Pasha expedition himself. Not that he cared particularly for Emin's person; but Emin was reliably reported to have an accumulation of some 75 tons or more of ivory on hand. He had talked over the matter with Junker, and had asked Junker to secure a quantity of repeating-rifles for him.

But Stanley played a trump card. It was the astounding offer that Tippoo, whose men had driven the Europeans out of Stanley Falls, become *governor of the Stanley Falls station of the Congo Free State!* Stanley knew, rightly, that Tippoo's susceptibility could not withstand that. The details were soon arranged; Tippoo was to hoist the Free State flag over the captured station; and to confine his ivory and slaving raids, and those of his compatriots, to the region above—that is, south of—the Falls; put down all raiding below the Falls; and supply 600 carriers for the transport of the relief material to Emin and for Emin's ivory on the way out. (The ivory, on arrival at Zanzibar or in Europe, was to be sold to help pay the expenses of the expedition.)

The expedition, due to its splendid organization, got

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away from Zanzibar in the miraculous time of three days after Stanley's arrival, on the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Congo. At Capetown they put in, and Tippoo went ashore with Stanley. What passed through the old Arab's mind as he went through the white man's city would make interesting reading. What Stanley claimed Tippoo said, that previously he had thought that all white men were fools, but that now he knew they were superior to the Arabs, is such silly stuff that Stanley ought to have restrained himself. If there was anything Tippoo's contacts and friendships of years with whites had shown, it was that he respected them and sought to gain their approbation for his favors, and that he realized that if it came to an issue, the Europeans, with their superior arms and resources, could have their way. Capetown was not needed to bring this out; and for Tippoo Tib, the Arab, to so far forget his Orientalism as to offer such verbal admissions to the Occidental whom he was then serving through opportunism instead of friendship, is quite unbelievable to anyone who has ever come in continued contact with that inscrutable race.

In due course the expedition arrived at the mouth of the Congo, and proceeded up the great river down which Stanley had come in his immortal trip from Vinya Njara to the sea ten and a half years before. Several hundred miles inland, Stanley, owing to difficulties with the river steamers, was obliged to divide the expedition and press

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on ahead with the first section, or column, to Yambuya, about 1,400 miles from the sea on the Aruwimi, while his subordinate, Major Bartelott, followed with Tippoo Tib and his party; but instead of entering the Aruwimi, sailed past its mouth, as planned, and proceeded farther up the Congo to Stanley Falls, where Tippoo hoisted the Belgian flag and sat down to rule in his somewhat anomalous position as the representative of the Congo Free State which sought to upbuild and civilize the interior, and as the chief of the Arab raiders whose only objects were to plunder and enslave. Bartelott left Tippoo, proceeded to Yambuya, and rejoined Stanley. There the two, Stanley and Bartelott, commander-in-chief and second-in-command, respectively, agreed on the procedure to be followed.

Stanley, on account of the delay coming up the river, was to proceed with an advance column to Lake Albert to search for and relieve Emin Pasha as quickly as possible; Bartelott, with the rear column carrying the reserve supplies under his command, was to follow the advance column with all possible speed. That undertaking—to follow the advance column with all possible speed—was the cardinal and outstanding point of Bartelott's orders. Tippoo had promised to provide 600 carriers to transport the bulk of the loads, and with these men Bartelott's task would be comparatively easy.

But Stanley clearly foresaw the extreme likelihood that Tippoo, once again in the midst of his revengeful and

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procrastinating countrymen, might never carry out this agreement, much less do it within the time promised, and told Bartelott so plainly. Bartelott inquired wonderingly why, then, had Stanley brought along the old Arab at all, if he was so dubious about his fulfilling his contract to supply the carriers. Stanley explained carefully why it had been necessary to propitiate Tippoo; that otherwise the march, through hostile Arab forces, would be impossible, as Bartelott himself ought to know. How long, Stanley asked Bartelott, would he have lasted at Stanley Falls, with 80 rifles against 3,000 to 5,000 Arab muskets commanded by Tippoo, if the old Arab had been hostile? Had not he already feared for Bartelott's safety at the Falls, when he did not arrive at Yambuya at the appointed time, and sent a force in that direction, with instructions to rake Tippoo's settlement with the Maxim gun in case signs of treachery showed themselves?

Tippoo himself was like that Maxim gun, said Stanley. If it worked as it ought, their path would be smoothed, their progress insured; but if it jammed, or refused to act, then they would have to fall back on their regular weapons, their rifles, and make out with them as best they could; so with Bartelott, if Tippoo did as he promised, the portorage of the reserve supplies would be easy; but if Tippoo failed him, Bartelott would have to rely on his own carriers. He would have to make double or triple marches, carrying a half or a third of the supplies at a time, Stanley told him, or, if that was impracticable,

throw away some of the loads; but in any event, with or without Tippoo's men, Bartelott must follow the advance column as quickly as possible. Bartelott vowed he understood, would obey implicitly, and that nothing would hold him back: and Stanley and the advance column set off on the terrible march through the forest, during which scores of his men died from hunger and weakness while passing through the foodless, uninhabited regions devastated and depopulated by the Arab raiders, the survivors being saved only by coming upon the ivory stations established, curiously enough, by the very raiders who had caused all their privations.

Tippoo, now that the domineering, driving Stanley was out of the way, handled Bartelott, and Jameson and Bonny (Bartelott's subordinates), like the children they were by comparison. He did not supply the carriers in nine days, according to his first promise, nor in ten days more, according to another, nor in forty-two days more, according to still another. Tippoo's promises, as Stanley understood, were all made with the qualifying phrase, "*Inshallah.*" If, with the Arabs, promises are not kept, it is not because of any remissness of their own, but because Allah's assistance was not forthcoming; and more often than not, in intercourse with unbelievers, Allah withholds his coöperation. Apparently there were other things for the Prophet's eminent disciple to attend to; Tippoo, besides his connection with the expedition, was governor of the Stanley Falls region, was the *ipso facto*

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king of hundreds of thousands of square miles to the south, with tens of thousands of armed men under his command, with the power of life and death over a million savages in his hands, and the practical monopoly of hundreds of tons of ivory yearly. So he attended calmly and leisurely to all these matters, while Bartelott fretted and despaired and put off the march from day to day, week to week, month to month, in the vain hope that Tippoo would fulfill his last promise and send the needed carriers.

Bartelott went again and again to Stanley Falls, taking presents of expensive repeating-rifles, hoping that bribery, added to pleadings, would stir the old man. Tippoo accepted the gifts with gratitude and tact, and entertained the white man with extreme hospitality and courtesy, and promised, *inshallah*, the carriers would be on their way soon. Bartelott brought, also, Remingtons, ammunition, ivory-handled revolvers, and cloth goods; and Tippoo, not to be outdone or lacking in generosity on his part, pressed on Bartelott loads of rice and flocks of goats. This interchange of courtesies went on for months, Tippoo knowing, with Oriental cunning, just when to kindle Bartelott's hopes anew in order to bring forth new presents.

Once Bartelott's messengers, on their way to the Falls, actually met a party of 250 of Tippoo's men, but instead of the party proceeding to Yambuya as hoped, the members scattered through the forest to hunt for ivory, with

which they returned to Tippoo; so the hope of assistance again evaporated.

Finally, about ten months after his first promise was to have been fulfilled, Tippoo sent off some three or four hundred men to Yambuya. He was to have sent 600, but, so great had been the depopulation of the country round about, owing to the raids of his men, he could get together only the smaller force mentioned. This force, under the command of Ali bin Muhammed, got as far as the village on the Aruwimi which had been the scene of the massacre and subsequent consumption of his brother Salim's freebooters, and there started on a course of revenge. In the ensuing firing they shot off all their ammunition, and then, recollecting the horrible disposition of the unfortunates of Salim's expedition, hastily fled back to Stanley Falls.

One year after Stanley expected Bartelott to start after him, Tippoo at last provided a few hundred carriers, and Bartelott did march, and got a short distance up the Aruwimi to Banalya, where Tippoo had a station under command of one Abdallah Karoni, and here the caravan halted for a time; and Bartelott himself, forever.

Bartelott was to start, one morning, for Stanley Falls, in another effort to enlist Tippoo's help and to ask that he replace his representative with the rear column, with whom he had quarreled, with another. No doubt his troubles had distracted his mind almost to the snapping point and made him subject to fits of violent anger over

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comparative trivialities; so that when one of the Man-yuema women started beating a drum preparatory to an *ngoma*, the constant pounding got on Bartelott's nerves until he could bear it no longer. He seized a spear, according to Tippoo, his revolver, according to Bonny, and threatened the woman. Tippoo's slave, Senga, to whom Tippoo had given the woman, pointed his musket through a loophole in his hut near by, and shot Bartelott under the heart, killing him at once. There followed a scene of confusion and pillage, which Jameson quelled by his energetic promptness and determination and the threat of Tippoo's personal vengeance on the rioters. Senga, the murderer, with his wives and children, all in chains, were taken to Stanley Falls and tried there by Tippoo and his Belgian subordinate. Senga was shot immediately after the trial, and his body thrown to the crocodiles.

With this episode Tippoo's connection with the expedition may be said to have ceased. When Stanley returned to pick up the survivors of the rear column (still at Banalya) he sent for Tippoo; but Tippoo had business elsewhere at the moment. It was just as well; nothing but bloodshed could have resulted from the meeting.

III

For two years after Stanley had departed eastward for the second time, Tippoo ruled the great Congo basin, by virtue of his right, recognized by the Europeans, as the

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representative of the Congo Free State at Stanley Falls, and by the might of his guns and Arab followers to the south. His raiders, during this time, with the tacit consent of the Free State (for Stanley had stipulated, in engaging Tippoo, that he must confine his raids to the region above—*i.e.*, *south* of—the Falls), greatly extended the boundaries of the territory under their subjugation. They were to be found now at many points in the Congo basin where before their presence had never been known. Far to the south and west, on the Sankuru and the Malinga, the country was overrun with Tippoo's bands of armed slaves; and so it was with or without Tippoo's consent or connivance, below the Falls, in the forbidden territory. Rashid, Tippoo's energetic and belligerent nephew, held the confluence of the Lomami and the Congo, many miles below the Falls, and sent his raiders all along the course of the former, to connect with the ivory-hunters from Nyangwe and Mwana Mamba. Other Arabs had penetrated even north of the Congo below Stanley Falls, along the waters of the Itimbiri; and in the upper eastern corner of the Free State territory, Kilonga-Longa was raiding to the eastward to and beyond the Semliki into the country claimed by the Imperial British East African Company, where, on one foray, the Arabs killed a hundred men and carried off two hundred women as slaves to Ipoto. In the same corner of the Congo another Arab, Said bin Abed, had several settlements, each held

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by a hundred or more ruffian musketeers, for the purpose of collecting ivory. "Not a tusk was purchased," wrote Stuhlman, who was in the country with Emin at the time, "all being got by war or robbery. The women and children taken prisoners are exchanged for this precious merchandise. Thus all the country in front of us had been laid waste."

By these oppressive and cruel operations thousands and thousands of square miles were added to the devastated and plundered regions.

Though Stanley had departed long since, Tippoo was not rid of him permanently, for on his return to Zanzibar Stanley made the most serious charges against Tippoo, accusing him of the responsibility of Bartelott's murder, among other things; demanding payment from Tippoo for the cost of transporting him and his retinue to Stanley Falls; and claiming damages for delays and what not, to a total of about 90,000 Zanzibar dollars (approximately \$60,000 U. S.); against which he attached in the British court all of Tippoo's property in Zanzibar and £10,000 in golden sovereigns held by Taria Topan as his agent, for ivory sold by Tippoo to the Belgians in the interior.

All the Arabs endeavored to dissuade Tippoo from leaving his African domain, but he was obdurate, and swept aside all their cautions against the folly of proceeding to Zanzibar to deliver himself into the hands of his enemies; and in March, 1890, he started for Zanzibar,

leaving Rashid, the conqueror of Stanley Falls from the Belgians some years before, as governor in his place.

Nothing brings out the sterling inner traits of Tippoo's character, his steadfastness and loyalty to friendships, his disregard of consequences when on the right course, and his refusal to make some white men pay for other white's mistakes or hostilities, than an episode which occurred at this time. Tippoo's service to this man hardly could have been expected of any Arab who, as Tippoo felt keenly was his case, had been treated vilely and treacherously, instead of being honored and rewarded as had been promised, by a great European leader like Stanley.

Swann, first a pioneer missionary, then a civil officer and trader, was approaching Ujiji at the moment. In marked contrast to his cordial reception some years previously, his entrance to the town was this time received in sullen, lonely silence; his men disappeared; he and his white companions were alone. They were at the mercy of some fate, that was plain; but what it was to be, or at whose hand, they did not know. As they stood in the deserted center of the hostile town an Arab of Rumaliza's house appeared furtively, conducted them to a deserted *tembe*, and warned them not to wander out. At nightfall Rumaliza sent a messenger, who conducted the Englishman to the harem of Rumaliza's house, and there the Arab awaited him, and after an exchange of greetings, produced a letter written in *Kiswahili* with Arabic

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characters. (This was Tippoo's only way of putting things on paper, for *Kiswahili* is an oral language only, and Tippoo could not speak Arabic with any facility, knowing hardly more of it than its alphabetical figures.)

" 'This letter,' said Rumaliza, 'came to me ten days ago. It is from Tip-pu-Tib, my partner, who is now on the Congo. These Ujiji Arabs . . . decided to intercept your party and to kill you all.

" 'The calico was to be equally divided between them. Your arms and ammunition were to come to me, whilst the vessels on the lake were to become the property of Tip-pu-Tib. On receipt of this news Tip-pu-Tib sent special messengers to me, requesting that I would at once go to Ujiji, stop all this nonsense, and inform these Arabs that if they would not listen to me, I was to place myself and people on your side, and, together with his retainers, defend you and your property. I arrived only yesterday, and sent on shore my messenger, who only reached the Arabs just in time to stop their action. We have no quarrel with you. We have assisted every Christian traveler who has been to Ujiji.' "

Soon after this noble-hearted act, and while Tippoo was on his way to the coast, he received a notice from the judge of the British court at Zanzibar, saying that unless Tippoo appeared before the court within six months, judgment would be handed down against him.

Tippoo was furious. He met Swann a little later, and

pointing to the document he exclaimed in a burst of indignation:

“ ‘Look at that! Stanley accuses me of hindering him on his journey to find Emin Pasha, and alleges that this was the cause of Bartelott’s death. If I had wished to stop him, I should not have played with the matter by sending 400 men instead of 600; I should have killed him years ago. I do not simply *hinder*, I *destroy*! If I assist, it is at all costs.’ ” How true that last statement was, Swann had thankful cause to know. “ ‘Who helped Cameron, Livingstone? Who saved your life and those of all your party? Was it not me? Have I attempted to hinder any missionaries, although they are not of my religion and hate my business of catching slaves? Tell me! Is there a single European traveler who can honestly say I was not his friend?

“ ‘I am mad with anger when I think of what we did for Stanley during his first and second journeys through this country.

“ ‘In order to make a big work out of nothing, he went up the Congo to find Emin Pasha; why not have walked up the much less expensive road from the east coast? He came to Zanzibar and begged me to go around the Cape with him, and to bring my people, all expenses to be paid by himself. I did not desire to go, choosing rather to walk, as I have always done, and to transact business as I passed my various depots; but he would take no denial, so, out of courtesy, I accompanied him.

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“The truth is, your countrymen are criticizing his work and the loss of Bartelott, and he is wanting to blame me. Bartelott lost his life through bad temper; it was entirely his own fault. I was hundreds of miles distant, and lost money through the cannibal porters running away. I cannot understand Stanley. Without my help he could never have gone down the Congo; and no sooner did he reach Europe, than he claimed all my country.’”

Tippoo passed on toward the coast to meet his detractors and enemies. When nearing Tabora he fell ill of dysentery, lingered between life and death for several months, but finally reached Zanzibar in the middle of 1891.

Now, as Swann puts it, “Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal were then paying more attention to Central Africa, and the scramble commenced in earnest. The enormously valuable consignments of ivory which annually entered the Zanzibar custom-house were known to come from the backbone of the continent, where most of the different spheres of influence met, and it was possible to divert this golden stream northward down the Nile, or southward *via* Blantyre, or westward down the Congo. The stream was then flowing eastward to Zanzibar, and the question was, Who should possess this Klondyke of ivory? European ambition was well known at the coast, and transmitted upcountry to the various great trading-centers. Its vibrations began to be felt on Tanganyika. The Arabs became uneasy. Com-

munications received from the Nile confirmed their suspicions that the white men had come to stay."

So Tippoo hardly had left the Congo when, as before, trouble began to brew between the two great forces in the country—the Europeans, pressing in mainly from the west, and the Arabs, who had come in from the east. The purpose of the western invaders was to suppress slavery, establish free and lawful trading, and introduce civilization into the country; the invaders from the eastern shore knew that if successful, it meant the end of their own domination and exploitation, and the ruin of their ivory and slave trade. And the Arabs fully realized that whatever trade remained in Central Africa, or more properly the Congo basin, would be lost to them, as it inevitably would follow the shorter and cheaper route to Europe through the west-coast ports instead of going to the east through Zanzibar.

The Arabs were in possession; the Europeans were trying to dislodge them, a particularly irritating cause of ferment and distrust. In addition, it was a conflict between the Occident and the Orient; between Christian and Moslem. There was only one, the inevitable, means of settling the issue—a resort to arms. Tippoo's presence and rule had, for a brief spell, merely postponed the struggle.

The Arab chieftains he left behind in power saw the Europeans building new fortified posts in the country, saw them garrisoned with black troops from the west

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coast commanded by white officers, saw the ivory slip down the Congo instead of turning eastward to Zanzibar, and found increasing interference with their slaving expeditions.

Nyongo Luteta ("Bitter as Bile"), Bwana Nzige ("The Locust"), Muinyi Muhara ("The Destroyer"), Rumaliza ("The Finisher"), Tippoo's partner; Rashid, conqueror of Stanley Falls; and Seyf, the son of Tippoo—determined to attack before their opponents gathered too great a force against them. They did so; one of the first moves being a massacre of all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and among those who felt the Arab dagger was Emin Pasha, whom Stanley had rescued only three years before from the Arabs of the Sudan.

In the two years' fighting that followed, the Arab power was finally broken by the capture of Nyangwe and Kasongo and the defeat of Rumaliza, the *generalissimo* of the Arabs, by the Congo Free State forces led by Dhanis, the Belgian. Muinyi Muhara, who gave the order for the massacre of the Europeans, was killed, his dead body found and eaten by the Belgians' native allies, his head brought into the Belgian camp; Rashid, the son of "The Locust," was captured; "The Locust" himself (Bwana Nzige) also was taken, but "The Finisher" (Rumaliza) escaped (both lived to die years later at ripe old ages in Zanzibar); Seyf, Tippoo's son, was killed; and Nyongo Luteta, after surrendering to the Belgians, was accused of treachery and shot.

IV

Tippoo's reign in Africa was over. He sat in Zanzibar, a virtual prisoner, through all the fighting, and saw his great domain slip away from under his control. In the fighting he lost thousands of loads of cloth and trading goods, 20,000 muskets, and nearly a hundred tons of ivory which he had collected awaiting transport. Tippoo took it all with the calmness and stoicism of the true fatalist.

Stanley's suit came to naught, just as Tippoo said it would; an agreement was signed between them whereby Stanley and Tippoo withdrew all claims and accusations against each other, and Tippoo emerged from all his legal and business difficulties and the disasters of the war with a comfortable fortune equaling about a quarter of a million of our dollars.

On this he lived at ease in Zanzibar, no longer a figure to be reckoned with in the government of the island or the mainland, but nevertheless one of the leading men of position and wealth in the Arab aristocracy of the city and coast. He made two trips to the African mainland as a member of Sultan Hamud's retinue; but the old power and glory were gone.

Tippoo Tib probably saw more wanton bloodshed, more cruelty, more human suffering, than any man alive during his time. When, on his way up the Congo with

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Stanley on the Emin Pasha expedition, a missionary he met taxed him with having caused such untold misery and bloodshed, Tippoo replied: "Ah yes. But then I was a young man. Now I am old—you see my beard is gray—and I shall have more consideration."

Yet he was a courtly, affable, distinguished figure, considerate and kindly; an Oriental man of the world whose personal virtues contrasted strangely with his professional depravity. To those who protested his slaveries and plunderings and sought by persuasion to reform him, he would say politely, with quiet courtesy, "We must differ on these subjects, but we must not quarrel."

Invariably he was a friend and helper of the white man whom fate sent his way in Central Africa—save one. That exception was Stanley. To Tippoo, Stanley's name was anathema; and Stanley reciprocated Tippoo's feelings heartily, as his writings show.

But perhaps it is too much to expect that two such violent, strong characters as Tippoo and Stanley could be otherwise than hostile to each other. They had too much pugnacity and aggressiveness in common to be friends. Stanley, of course, had Tippoo directly in mind when he wrote his famous diatribe about the Arab ivory-traders, who, if justice were dealt out to them, would be forced "to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude"; and as for Tippoo's thoughts, Stanley was a liar, a cheat, and a defamer of dead men—the last classification being due to

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a story it was said that Stanley spread, that Jameson, who died during the course of the Emin Pasha expedition, had at Yambuya bought a slave girl and had her killed and eaten by Tippoo's Manyuema followers.

(The actual fact of this incident appears to be that the Manyuema carriers had asked Jameson for six handkerchiefs with which to buy a slave girl to kill and eat. Jameson did give them the handkerchiefs—he wrote a letter admitting it—but claimed that he thought the men were only joking about the horrible use to which they actually did put them.)

Stanley, denouncing Tippoo's bloodiness, was no spotless pacifist himself. He alone of the great Central African explorers fought his way through hostile tribes day after day, leaving a trail of dead savages in the wake of his discoveries. Burton, Speke, Livingstone, and Cameron did not find it necessary to kill. But in justice to Stanley perhaps it should be added that Livingstone and Cameron accepted defeat at Nyangwe: Stanley would not.

V

Tippoo, it may confidently be said, trusted those who he knew trusted him. The uncle of the writer, whose post at Zanzibar the author held in turn in his generation, knew old Tippoo well.

It was the custom to pay Tippoo for his ivory in Zanzibar dollars, which came from the mint across the sea

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in boxes of a thousand each. The boxes were stacked up in a corner of the office, and as the ivory bills came to so many thousands of dollars, so many of the boxes, unopened, would be turned over to Tippoo in payment. The sailing-ships in those days, bringing the boxes of dollars, came in sometimes at long and irregular intervals; and during one of these periods the supply of boxes of money became exhausted. Tippoo, just at that time, brought in a large lot of ivory, and took as many bales of *merikani* against the tusks as he could; but there was still left a considerable balance, and no boxes of dollars with which to pay it. A note was given, therefore, which, without reading—for Tippoo could not read or even speak a word of English—the old fellow made off with. A few days later Tippoo was informed of the displeasure of the Sultan over some matter, and was requested to present himself before the *Cadi* at once. Tippoo immediately proceeded to Ivory House, as our agency was called, *handed the note back to the maker for safe keeping*, and disappeared.

After the matter the Sultan had in mind had blown over, Tippoo returned, called again at Ivory House, and the note was returned to him, this time on the top of the requisite number of boxes of money, which had in the meantime arrived. Tippoo picked up and gravely handed back the piece of paper, and the transaction was closed.

In his business dealings with those who had his confidence, Tippoo was more the Occidental than the Arab.



Photo by Susan R. Watson

**SEYYID BARGHASH (CENTER), THE LAST INDEPENDENT SULTAN OF
ZANZIBAR, WITH HIS ADVISERS. TARIA TOPAN, THE FINANCIAL BACKER
OF TIPPOO TIB'S RAIDING EXPEDITIONS, STANDS
DIRECTLY BEHIND THE RULER**



WEIGHING IVORY IN THE AUTHOR'S COMPOUND IN ZANZIBAR. WITHIN THESE WALLS, AT VARIOUS TIMES, STOOD
BURTON, SPEKE, STANLEY, TIPPOO TIB AND ALMOST ALL THE FAMOUS
CHARACTERS OF OLD EAST AFRICA

He gave his "last price" first, and of the usual weary haggling there was none. With him it was "take it or leave it," as in his warfare his only terms were "unconditional surrender."

His reasonings and analyses were a curious combination of Arab mentality and European logic; his views on justice, religion, and slavery, and his patience and forbearance, are all strikingly illustrated in a dramatic interview with a lone Englishman who was absolutely in his power eight hundred miles in the interior at the time.

Tippoo had complained that Stanley, but for him, would never have crossed Africa or rescued Emin Pasha, but that as soon as he was safely home he had claimed (for the Congo Free State) all of his (Tippoo's) country. Swann, the Englishman, replied that both sides would be heard and weighed, for the "Europeans love justice."

" 'Do you?' Tippoo passionately exclaimed. 'Then look here—how did you get India?'

" 'We fought for it!'

" 'Then what you fight for, and win, belongs to you by right of conquest?'

" 'Yes! That is European law!'

" 'So it is with us Arabs. Have we ever tried to rob you of India?'

" 'Do these pagans try to rob you of Ujiji? The jackal cannot rob the lion.'

" 'Very well, then! I came here as a young man, fought these natives and subdued them, losing both friends and

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treasure in the struggle. Is it not, therefore, mine by both your law and ours?’

“‘It is only yours so long as you govern and use it properly!’

“Tippoo rose up and demanded, ‘Who is to be my judge?’

“‘Europel!’

“‘Aha!’ he replied. ‘Now you speak the truth. Do not let us talk of justice; people are only just when it pays. The white man is stronger than I am; they will eat my possessions as I ate those of the pagans, and—*some one will eat up yours!*’

“‘Do you believe in one God?’

“‘Yes. So do all Mohammedans; but you say there are three.’

“‘Do you believe your God created everything? You accept everything He does as, beyond all question, good?’

“‘Most decidedly I do!’

“‘And yet every day you deliberately destroy His good work, by catching and killing slaves! Has God made a mistake by creating them, and asked you to rectify His error?’

“‘They would not acknowledge Him,’ was his reply, ‘and therefore have forfeited His protection.’

“‘Then if your son becomes undutiful to you, does it give me license to blow out his brains? Is that Arab justice?’

“ ‘Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob made many slaves, and God did not punish them,’ was his final reply.”

VI

Tippoo Tib died at Zanzibar, burned with fever, on June 13, 1905.

In his delirium, so said the Arab watchers, the old Napoleon of Central Africa again roamed his domain in the mighty Congo forest, pressed again into the burning villages after the ivory and slaves, and heard his guns go “*tip-u-tip*.”

Thus passed one of the strangest, most extraordinary figures of the nineteenth century.

The tale of this Negroid Arab, ignorant of scholarship even of his own kind, who by his dominating will and character and ruthless aggressiveness made himself the ruler of a hundred thousand square miles of territory, who commanded tens of thousands of blackguardly, savage ruffians armed with muzzle-loading guns of all descriptions, who held absolute power of life and death over a million human beings, who with serene detachment caused and witnessed a thousand crimes and agonies awful beyond the power of description that bits of ivory might be *our* playthings and ornaments, already seems incredible. And yet it was less than fifty years ago!

It was the fortune of this biographer to have lived in Tippoo's Zanzibar, and there to have learned in large measure, first hand from those white men and black,

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freemen and slave, who knew him well and served him in many instances, this account of him.

Never was there a man of more conflicting personality, or one who embodied stranger contrasts and anomalies, than Tippoo Tib. Tippoo was both a gentleman and an inhuman monster; he was the soul of courtesy, kindness, and generosity, and an incarnate fiend who dealt out cruel suffering and death as easily and naturally as other men breathed. He saved the lives of many white men; he murdered a hundred thousand miserable blacks. He sprinkled his spotless garments with Arab perfumes, and drenched his hands in human blood.

Yet remembering the vital help he gave to Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, Wissman, Swann, and other pioneers, recalling the great services he rendered these infidels his coreligionists despised, when he had the means to balk them or destroy them utterly when they were in his power a thousand miles in the depths of Africa, would it not have been kinder to have flashed the news of Tippoo's passing as something more than the end of "the notorious slaver"? Perhaps old Tippoo's words came to the sender then—"Do not let us talk of justice."

Vale! old Tippoo Tib! Never will this world see your like again!

VII

TEARS ON FAIR NYASSA'S FACE

I

THE great territories overrun and terrorized by the ivory and slave raiders under Tippoo Tib lay, as will be seen from the map, mainly from the western shores of Lake Tanganyika to the west and north along the basin of the Upper Congo (the Lualaba) and its tributaries.

South of this huge, oppressed expanse, however, lay another great field of Arab depredations—the lovely and fertile region along the western banks of Lake Nyassa, and northwards toward the Tanganyika. Here the Arab raiders had long stolen and enslaved, as witness Livingstone's meeting with the ivory-and-slave caravan at the time of his discovery of the lake some forty years before the time of which we shall speak, but they had postponed, for some reason or other—possibly because the Congo basin offered greater sudden riches in both the white and black gold of Africa—the actual conquest and government of the region about Nyassa.

It was not until the white traders, in the name of The African Lakes Company, appeared along the upper

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River Shiré and Lake Nyassa and built their trading-posts to give the Arabs a premonition of the coming British ascendancy of the land, that the Moslem raiders saw the desirability of exploiting that country to the full extent that they had Manyuema land. Then they flocked down to the southward, from the Tanganyika, in force.

Their caravans went down to the British trading-stations to reconnoiter, left their slaves outside the gates, and took their ivory within. The ivory the English traders bought readily enough—that was the main purpose for their being there—but the Arabs brought so much of it that the white traders did not have the means to pay for it all. The Arabs, therefore, sat down with their guns for a month, or two or three months, or even longer as the case might be, while the little steamer on the lake (the *Ilala*, named after the scene of Livingstone's death) made trip after trip, bringing up calico and other barter goods with which to pay for the precious teeth of elephants, and *merikani* for the sails of "white-winged *dhow*s carrying slaves and ivory."

This was just to the Arabs' liking. They brought down from the interior one slave coffle after another, each laden with ivory tusks, and dumped the spoil into the British stations, overwhelmed the spot resources of the traders, and rarely let the British get out of debt. Before one caravan could be paid off, another would appear with more ivory, and the British traders stretched their credit all over again.

Of course under these circumstances the traders could not complain of the constant presence of the armed Arab bands. How could they? They were nervous about it, for they well knew the risks entailed, but they were there to buy ivory for stockholders whose skins were safe at home, and trade was brisk, and the Arabs had a right to wait for their payment.

The Arabs, however, did other things than wait. They used their encampments near the British posts as so many bases for their marauding expeditions, and, the traders being powerless to prevent, soon the whole country round about was filled with plundering and burning and slaving, rapine and murder. Let Fotheringham and Moir, two of the British traders, describe it:

“For fifty miles . . . the blackened ruins of the villages, and the bleached bones of human beings on the grass, told their own tale. ‘Who has been here?’ I inquired of my carriers. ‘Kabunda,’ said they, and they pronounced the name with evident terror. Kabunda was a wealthy Arab who had settled in the valley some ten years ago. It is the way of the Arab to establish himself in some prosperous community, and live at peace with the natives—behave, indeed, as their friend—until such time as he may think fit to rig out his caravan for the coast. Then come the treacherous and bloody attacks on the innocent and unsuspecting natives, the wholesale butchery of the males, and the capture of the women and children.

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"Kabunda determined to go to Zanzibar with his ivory, so he picked a quarrel with Katimbwe, the chief, and took all his cattle; then organized a sudden raid throughout all the valley, and every man, woman, and child who could be found was seized and tied up. Very few managed to escape him or his keen hunters, and a caravan was made up for the coast; but the smiling valley that had been known as the garden of Tanganyika, from the fertility and industry of its people, now silent and desolate, was added to that already long stretch of hungry wilderness through which we had passed.

"The man who was guilty of this dark deed of cruelty and treachery was no untutored savage, but a dignified and cultured Arab, full of courtesy in his dealings with Europeans."

Swann, another of the little white band then in the country, tells of it also; of one day pitching his tent "near to a large village where Kabunda's people resided. The evening was passed in relating stories of travel and adventure. Several men gave a dance, and all were happy. The Arabs had lived there several years and married the chief's daughters. I moved away early the next morning to hunt, and, on returning about sunset, I found not a single hut standing. The whole place had been burned down. Not a living soul could be found. The scoundrels had suddenly turned on the people who had sheltered them for years, captured them all, and made them carry ivory to the coast."

TEARS ON FAIR NYASSA'S FACE

Finally the Arabs wantonly and treacherously murdered two of the native chiefs with the deliberate intention of provoking the natives to an act of retaliation. That would be all the Arabs needed to give them, in their own eyes, justification for whatever might follow. The British traders protested. They were told bluntly by the Arab leader, Ramathan, a Beloochi who acknowledged Tippoo Tib as chief, that the Arabs meant to have the country. They would annihilate or drive out the native tribe of freemen, the Wankonde, and when they were disposed of would bring into the country, to take their place, an enslaved tribe from the north.

"Go back to your station," was Ramathan's defiance to the British traders. "If you venture outside you may be shot, as Ramathan means to have war."

II

As the Arabs, with devilish cunning, foresaw, the desperate Wankonde were goaded into striking back for the defence of their families and homes, and then the devastation began in earnest.

"The Arabs stormed village after village, pillaging and slaughtering without stint. They seemed to have taken their cue from the text, 'Now go and smite the *Wankonde*, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.' Ramathan's

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*ruga-ruga*¹ were, however, a little shrewder than Saul's selected band, for while they gave no quarter to the Wankonde, they secured their goods and cattle. The women whom they did not kill they put in irons and reserved for a fate still more severe. Aged blacks were cruelly butchered in their attempt to hobble out of the way. But yesterday the blue smoke curling upward from their tidy huts betokened the perfection of African quietude; but today, what are they? roofless, desolate, mangled bodies, and charred ruins!"

The crowning deed of all was a wholesale massacre of a concourse of hapless Wankonde who had been lured to the shores of a lagoon under a pledge of friendship. Suddenly the Arabs surrounded them and opened fire. The miserable victims took refuge in a mass of reeds, while the Arabs, safely outside the range of the few spears the natives carried, poured deadly volleys of slugs and shot into them. All who attempted to escape were shot down as they came forth. Then the Arabs set fire to the reeds, and as the flames arose amid the steady discharge of muskets, the doomed men and women and children fled into a near-by swamp, and the Arabs followed and shot the fugitives as they floundered in the mud and water. But there was an even more awful fate in the swamp—the crocodiles. Caught between these two forms of devils—Arab and saurian—the gathering perished, every soul. "While the attack was in progress, the

¹ Forest bandits.

three Arab leaders, in order to gratify their morbid curiosity, climbed into trees and with diabolical interest watched and regulated the work of extermination."

Finally, after some months of this one-sided "warfare," the Arabs, mad with blood, flushed with their easy conquests, turned on the Britishers, and for nearly two years the fighting went on; but in the end the Arab force along the lake was broken, the Arabs were pushed back toward their bases in the north, and the *Pax Britannica* settled on unhappy Nyassaland.

III

This marked the end of the Arab domination, however, only along Lake Nyassa. The Arabs still had some years of power left to them above the lake, toward Tanganyika to the north and the Congo basin to the northwest, and until Tippoo Tib's minions were overthrown they kept up their raiding for ivory and slaves.

So even after the war for Nyassaland was concluded, with the British victorious, we find the trader Fotheringham writing of the course to be pursued with the Arab marauders who were still carrying on their cruel work near by:

"It is essential that the Arabs who live in Central Africa, and the native chiefs who adopt Arab habits, should be made to feel it unnecessary as well as unprofitable to send caravans laden with ivory to the coast.

"For this end, I would suggest that, at the principal

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Arab towns, trading-stations be established and kept well stocked. With cheap markets at their very doors, they would no longer care to incur the heavy risks involved in sending their ivory across the lake and by a long land journey to the coast. Moreover, a severe blow would thus be inflicted on the slave trade.

"As is well known, one of the main reasons for the existence of slavery is a commercial one. The slaves supply the Arabs with a cheap transit for their ivory. To kill this form of slavery, it is only necessary to render it useless as a commercial system.

"Gradually, the slave-dealers would find themselves driven from place to place, and by stress of circumstances would be compelled to give up the abominable traffic."

So again we hear the tragic, haunting phrases, "Ivory and slaves, these two are one."

VIII

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I

WHAT was in all but name a great Mohammedan empire in Central Africa, headed by the Arab slavers and ivory raiders of Zanzibar, fell before the combined onslaught of the Europeans. Not only did the Belgians overwhelm the Arabs from the west, in conquering the territories that had been allotted by Europe to the Congo Free State, but the Germans, in establishing their ascendancy over "German East" (now Tanganyika Territory), crushed them from the east. The British came up along the shores of Lake Nyassa and destroyed the Arab power in the south, thus to acquire those bits of red now known as Nyassaland and Northeast Rhodesia. By the end of 1893 it was practically over; the Arab power was completely broken and the phase of Moslem domination of Central Africa was at an end.

The most popular scene of recent East African travel and description, "British East," or what is now known as Kenya Colony, never really figured in the case. Though the best advertised, through the medium of the wonderful Uganda Railway and the latter-day big-game and

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motion-picture hunters, Kenya Colony—save the town of Mombasa itself—in reality is the least romantic, the least stirring, in its history, of all the countries of East Africa. In the first penetration of the interior and the resulting development of the slave and ivory trade by the Arab pioneers, the epochal explorations of the great European travelers, the entering of the forces of civilization as a result of the two, and the subsequent rescuing of the oppressed natives, the land of “British East” hardly figured. There had been in the early days of the Arab invasion, it is true, some resident ivory and slave dealers in Uganda and Unyoro, but even while those countries were still under the firm rule of the native chiefs, the Arabs had abandoned them; and there never were any Arab raiders settled in the country between the Victoria Nyanza and the Mombasa-Lamu coast.

Probably the reason for this was, largely, that Tanganyika is that part of the African mainland that lies directly opposite the island of Zanzibar, only thirty miles away, in plain sight on a clear day, while Mombasa, the gateway to British East, lies over a hundred miles to the north. Directly back of Mombasa is the thorny, brick-red, waterless Taru desert, and beyond that roamed the warlike Masai. There were not these obstacles to encounter in the transit of Tanganyika, and of course through Tanganyika lay the direct route to the great slave and ivory countries around the lake of the name and Lake Nyassa

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and the Upper Congo basin. What is now Kenya offered no such wealth nor the easiest road to it.

The ivory trading of the period recently described, in what is now Kenya, was controlled, in the absence of the Arabs, by the Wakamba tribe, who, Krapf says, used to travel in caravans of from 200 to 300 people and penetrate 600 to 750 miles into the interior for ivory. Krapf, who was as ardent and as opportunist a missionary as Livingstone, therefore "regarded this people as an important element in relation to future missionary designs in Eastern Africa," much as Livingstone, in the lands to the south, saw the opportunities that the Arab caravans offered him.

The Wakamba, naturally, were slavers as well as ivory merchants. The two businesses were inseparable in Kenya as in Tanganyika. They bought or captured slaves in the interior country to which they penetrated, and sold them at the coast when the market there was good; and when the price of the slaves held by the Arabs at the coast was depressed, the Wakamba exchanged their ivory for the Arabs' slaves, and took them back into the country with them and sold them in a better market to other tribes, thus to bring a new lot of ivory to the coast. There was again the same tragic connection of the ivory and slaves; the two were one in Kenya, also.

"What horrors and sins," wrote Krapf in his diary, "would be made manifest if ivory could speak! How many slaves, how many women, how much palm wine,

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how many objects for the gratification of lust and vanity, are purchased by the Galla, Wanika, Wakamba and the Suahili, with the ivory they bring to the coast!"

II

On the other side of the Congo, to the west, beyond the Arab penetration, lay other ivory countries; and in these too, the sanguinary quest of ivory was carried on.

The Congo, after passing Stanley Falls, sweeps in a great curve to the north and west on its way down to the sea, and just a little beyond the beginning of the southwestern dip toward the ocean a large river, the Oubangi, or Ubangi, flows into it from the north. Along the lower reaches of this tributary the first white ivory traders appeared in the early 80's. They found the same vast quantities of ivory there that Stanley had further up the Congo in his wonderful passage from the Lualaba to the sea a few years previously. The savages called the ivory "*Minjeka Mimbungu*" ("elephant's dry wood"), and made pestles and all kinds of common objects of it, and used big blocks of it for seats, and whole tusks for corner posts for their huts. Glave, the Englishman whose bones have long since mouldered away in the disintegrating soil of Africa, was one of those pioneer ivory traders. He bartered red and blue cloth handkerchiefs, brass wire, tin spoons and forks and other trade goods for ivory. A few tons of ivory at the river's mouth cost him twenty-five cents a pound in his barter goods: then "a big pile of

tusks" at three cents; next, four thousand pounds of it at two cents; and a 75-pound tusk for a dollar's worth. The natives brought their tusks to him, threw them on the ground and sat down on them holding a gleaming knife in one hand with which to protect their property, while with the fingers of the other they signified the quantities of the articles demanded in exchange.

These native sellers, seeing the market for the ivory, quickly sensed the possibility of extending the trade. They gathered all the slaves they could, by purchase at Bolobo and other centers, by seizure in the country roundabout, and scurried up the river with them. There the tribes, who were all cannibals, bought slaves constantly and for one purpose only, meat: and they had ivory in untold quantities. "A tusk for a man," said Glave: and when a little later he followed up the river himself, they "offered to exchange a big pile of ivory for my whole crew! These savages considered me very eccentric, and could not understand why with such guns I did not wage war on the villages and capture the ivory and slaves. Oubangi chiefs offered partnerships. My men armed with rifles would overcome the large villages containing ivory, all of which would belong to me, and my allies would take the dead bodies." (Tippoo Tib entered into a similar contract more than once. A human feast was common pay for his Manyuemas.)

Overcome by the horrors he witnessed, Glave redeemed some of these unfortunate slaves. The poor be-

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wildered men, snatched almost from out the steaming cooking pots, could not understand their new state of freedom. They asked him, what was to be their fate? were they to be exchanged for more ivory? or was the white man going to eat them?

Let Glave's words follow those of Stanley and Krapf, for thus he echoed them:

"How the refined possessor," he said, "of a delicately carved ivory would recoil with horror, were it possible to see the blood-stained panorama of destruction to human life, relentless cruelty, and remorseless barbarism daily and hourly enacted to obtain the precious substance so highly prized, but purchased so dearly with human life.

"The man of civilization condemns with indignation the barbarisms of the Arab slaver, but let the white man pause and think but for one moment and he will realize how deeply he himself is implicated. By whom are the guns and ammunition supplied with which this persecution is carried on, and who is the purchaser of the costly elephant tusk?"

III

Now in the tale of what ivory has meant to Africa we have, with the Arab myrmidons departed from the scene, to give attention to another phase of the bitter story.

It is this. When the indiscriminate slaughter of the natives in the hunt for ivory was stopped, then came the turn of the producer of the precious stuff—the elephant.

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Before the traders came, the elephant was not slaughtered for its ivory, but for its meat alone. When the Arabs came and ivory assumed a value as a medium of exchange, as a payment of a tax or tribute from the conquered peoples, as a fee for the infractions of the Arab rule, as a ransom for imprisoned kin, the savages began to kill the noble animal for its ivory as well, and to the native spears and poisoned arrows, traps and pitfalls, were also added the Arab guns. But though the Arabs sent out shooting-parties and in some districts kept some of their best marksmen continually at the shooting of the beasts, they gave but little thought to the development of this branch of ivory-collecting. It was on the whole far less troublesome, far more profitable, to seize the *accumulated* ivory and terrorize the people into finding and bringing in what lay about, and thus secure the tusks quickly by the scores and hundreds, than to waste time and energy in the slow and dangerous business of elephant-hunting. So the Arabs kept generally to the more lucrative method of raiding and slaving; usually it took only a few months or at most a few years, to drain a district of its accumulated stores, and then they would move on to another.

By the time the Arab power was broken the great accumulations had been considerably thinned. It has been said that, during this period of the great flow of ivory resulting from the enterprise of the Arabs, over 100,000 elephants were killed *annually* for their ivory. Certainly this must be a mistake: Burton no doubt used the total

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weight of ivory exported, or the number of tusks brought out, as a basis for this estimate. The mountains of tusks that came to light in those times were not the spoil of newly killed animals; they were, with small exception, the accumulations of ivory from elephants killed or died during scores of years before. But with the passing of the Arab the killing of the elephant for his ivory *primarily*, began.

The new governments and "companies" aided and abetted the slaughter. Ivory, now that slaves were outlawed, was the only product of the inner countries, the only thing, that could bear the great cost of transport on the heads of humans—still the only means of carrying—from the interior.

"The only thing of value the interior of Africa produces at present in any quantity," wrote Drummond in 1889, just prior to this period's beginning, "is ivory. There is still, undoubtedly, a supply of this precious material in the country—[but] the question of the disappearance of the elephant throughout Africa is, as everyone knows, only one of a few years. The African elephant has never successfully been tamed, and is therefore a failure as a source of energy. As a source of ivory, on the other hand, he has been but too great a success. But the truth is, sad though the confession be, the sooner the last elephant falls before the hunter's bullet, the better for Africa. Ivory introduces into the country an abnormal state of things. Upon this one article is set so

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enormous a premium that no other among African products secures the slightest general attention; nor will almost anyone in the interior condescend to touch the normal wealth, nor develop the legitimate industries of the country, so long as a tusk remains. The elephant has done much for Africa. The best he can do now for his country is to disappear for ever."

It seems almost as if the colonials, man and government alike, seized upon Drummond's words. The governments' justification for the ensuing decimation of the herds was this: we must have revenue at once; the country produces nothing but ivory, for nothing else will pay its handling, let alone produce a profit; it is valuable, and here we have almost a world monopoly; it can stand a goodly tax, and if we can get all the ivory we think we can, it nearly will pay the expenses of the colony's administration, as it did Emin's Equatorial Province.

The African Lakes Company, which exploited and administered the country about Lake Nyassa, equipped elephant-hunters at its expense. It would supply the rifles and all the necessary outfit, if the applicant gave promise of being a good elephant-hunter, and send the man out to kill elephants, the more the better. The company had the right to buy all the ivory from the hunter at a stipulated price, and would then resell it on the spot or in London at a handsome profit. Thus Sir Alfred Sharpe, afterward Commissioner of Nyassaland, and Sir F. D. Lugard, administrator of the Imperial British East Afri-

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can Company in Uganda, began, as professional elephant-hunters, their distinguished East African careers. Due to the methods pursued, in a short two or three years the vast herds which once congregated about Lake Nyassa practically disappeared.

Ten years after Drummond wrote the words we have quoted, Bley, a prominent German writer and African administrator, echoed them in this wise: "The days of the ivory trade are numbered; it must end with the vanishing of the elephant herds. This, to my mind, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for with the passing away of these herds will cease the brutal hunting of the natives as slaves to carry tusks."

The Germans, it should be said, were in their sphere not one whit behind the Britishers in the brutal, reckless greed for ivory. In Tanganyika the German authorities tacitly countenanced the formation of armed bands of half-caste natives, who, armed with modern rifles, traveled through the country, clearing whole districts of elephants. Each rifleman marked his bullet with his own peculiar sign, so that it might be ascertained who fired the fatal shot. Various native "political agents" of the German colonial government were given monopolies of elephant-hunting in their jurisdictions; their men scoured the districts in all directions, shooting every elephant, male or female, they came across. Black hunters, armed with breech-loaders, killed indiscriminately, with the sanction of the government; armed companies of

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Askaris under European leadership, opened fire on the herds.

These were the days when the *extermination* of the elephant in vast sections of East Africa began.

The natives often were obliged by the Europeans to pay their taxes and fines in ivory, just as the Arabs had forced them to do before; and thus the killing of the elephant received added encouragement. In British East, when the Masai had their attention drawn to the value of ivory by the passing Uganda caravans, they attacked the elephants—which they had not hunted before, since they did not eat the meat—on all sides, and cleaned them out of the country.

It began to look as if the elephant, for its ivory, was on the way to be exterminated in east Central Africa as it had been in South Africa. Probably, if it could have been hunted with horses and dogs on the open plains, as it had been in the south by the Boer and British “professionals,” it would have disappeared from the central portion of the continent as completely as it had in a few score years from practically all of southern Africa.

The annihilation of the great herds of elephants that roamed only sixty to eighty years ago throughout vast areas of what is now a white man's South Africa was a shocking thing.

“Sportsmen,” in whom every sense of what rightfully can be called a sporting spirit was absent, hunted the elephant in groups on horseback, with packs of yelp-

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ing curs to distract the hunted beasts' attention, so that they might from their safe, mobile perches on their horses' backs pour bullet after bullet into the bodies of the bewildered elephants. When, however, the surviving elephants, after years of slaughter of their kind, retreated into the scrub and forest, so that the hunters had to go after them on foot, many of even the most eminent of these sporting gentry gave up their butcherings as becoming too dangerous.

How can one read the accounts of the elephant-killings by those heroes of the chase, Cumming, Baldwin, Oswell, Vardon, and others, without being sickened by feelings of disgust and abhorrence? Oswell and Vardon, who filled their wagons with ivory tusks again and again as day after day, month after month they decimated every herd they came across: and Cumming, who wrote of his "remarkable sport with elephants . . . four killed and eight mortally wounded in one night."

Cumming wrote further about the "noble pursuit of elephant-hunting" in these words:

"Halting my horse, I fired at the elephant's shoulder, and secured him with a single shot. The ball caught him high on the shoulder blade, rendering him instantly dead lame. The dogs now came up and barked around him, the old fellow limping to a neighboring tree, he remained stationary, eyeing his pursuers with a resigned and philosophic air.

"I resolved to devote a short time to the contemplation

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of this noble elephant before I should lay him low; accordingly, having off-saddled the horses beneath a shady tree which was to be my quarters for the night and ensuing day, I quickly kindled a fire and put on the kettle, and in a few minutes my coffee was prepared. There I sat in my forest home, coolly sipping my coffee, with one of the finest elephants in Africa awaiting my pleasure beside a neighboring tree.

“Having admired the elephant for a considerable time, I resolved to make experiments for vulnerable points, and, approaching very near, I fired several bullets at different parts of his enormous skull. These did not seem to affect him in the slightest; he only acknowledged the shots by a ‘salaam-like’ movement of his trunk, with the point of which he gently touched the wound with a striking and peculiar action. Surprised and shocked to find that I was only tormenting and prolonging the sufferings of the noble beast, which bore his trials with such dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceedings with all possible despatch. . . . Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame quivered convulsively, and falling on his side, he expired.”

One is relieved to learn that after a considerable time spent in torturing a helpless beast Cumming had the belated decency to finish the stricken elephant “with all possible despatch.” Of such brutal and ruthless caliber

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were the "sportsmen" who cleared the elephant herds out of southern Africa.

IV

In the aftermath, so called—that is to say, the period which began about 1895 and continued until about 1905, during which time the intense slaughter of the elephants in East Africa for their ivory alone began and continued with terrific decimation of the great herds in the interior districts—governments and individuals were alike to blame. The wholesale shootings in South Africa were in the domains of savage chiefs and kings, but in East Africa the slaughtering took place, as has been shown, with the acquiescence and sanction, and sometimes the direct encouragement, of the representatives of the modern European governments whose flags waved over the east coast hinterlands.

In these short ten years the destruction of the elephants in East Africa proceeded at such a tremendous rate, because of the widespread use of modern breech-loading rifles by hordes of white and black ivory hunters, that Schillings, the flashlighter, cried then, "What happened fifty years ago in South Africa is now happening under the Equator: about that there is no doubt. The day is not far distant when it will be asked, '*Quid novi ex Africa?*' And the reply will be, 'The last African elephant has been killed.' "

Happily the conditions which resulted in the whole-

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sale slaughtering in East Africa did not obtain much beyond this decade. The railroads from Mombasa in British territory, from Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam in German East, pushed toward the lakes, and their cheaper transport resulted in the bringing out of other produce from the interior; settlers followed the railroads and in due course sent down the fruits of their growings and raisings; the revenue from ivory became less important; the wisdom of saving the majestic elephant from utter extinction became apparent; game laws, with particular reference to the cows and young, were passed; high license fees for shooting a bull or two, with suitably grown tusks, were demanded; closed districts were established; all ivory had to be duly stamped with the legitimizing customs seal before it could be exported from the colonies; and in the British and the German territories these regulations were well enforced.

There was, however, in early 1910, another, though localized, period of indiscriminate elephant-shooting. That took place in the Lado Enclave, west of the upper Nile. The Lado was then Belgian under some convention which gave jurisdiction as long as Leopold, King of the Belgians, lived, and for half a year thereafter. When that royal rascal passed, the Belgians moved out in fewer weeks than the months allowed; and the British either could not or would not step in before the specified time had elapsed. In the interim between the Belgians' going

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and the Britishers' coming the abandoned territory was left wide open.

Into it poured all the adventurers and riffraff of British East, Uganda, and the near-by Sudan, all bent on getting rich quick in a few months of unrestricted elephant-shooting for ivory, or to find the hoard of ivory that Emin Pasha was supposed to have left there. All restraint was thrown aside; the raiders were in a country absolutely without the presence of constituted authority; any crime, even murder, could be committed without fear of legal consequences; for the British could not touch the country until the time was up, and the Belgians had abandoned it. In these four of five chaotic months the natives and the elephants had a cruel time; not the least of it being the probability that many more of the hunted beasts died a painful, lingering death from clumsily inflicted wounds, and were never found by their assailants, than were killed humanely by the few experienced elephant-hunters who knew their business. But at the appointed time the *Pax Britannica* descended on the scene, and the turmoil was at an end.

There was another flurry of uncontrolled elephant-shooting a few years later, during the invasion of Tanganyika (then German East Africa) in the World War. Of course the invading British gave no heed to the game regulations of the enemy country in which they found themselves. Almost every subaltern, whenever he got a few days' leave, scurried off with an army rifle and half a

squad of black understrappers, after elephants and ivory. It gave them a bit of sport, but not much pecuniary profit, for transport of anything but military materials was so disorganized, so unreliable and irresponsible, that the ivory more often than not failed to reach its intended destination at the market.

This poaching of German ivory, however, really was fair enough, for the Germans, in taking possession of Antwerp, had seized over a hundred tons of ivory which had been collected there in anticipation of the next of the ivory auctions which were, and are now, held regularly in that Belgian port.

It was during the invasion of German East that the elephant was the object of the most brutal, most unsportsman-like attack civilization could provide. Some of the young aviators among the British forces conceived the idea of dropping bombs on an elephant herd and gathering up the ivory afterward. A plane was flown over a near-by group of elephants, the bombs struck their mark, exploded, killed a number of elephants outright, and left others groaning and helpless on the ground. Very little of the ivory was worth anything; most of it had been blown to bits along with the animals that had carried it.

Even within the last ten years the wholesale killing of elephants continued in some parts of East Africa, notably in Uganda. The settlers kept coming into that country, the natives enlarging their plantations, and growers and

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elephants cannot live side by side, for the latter are too destructive. Fences, to keep the elephants out of crop fields, are impracticable from both the point of construction and that of expense. Since it was determined that the country was going to be a cultivated land, there was but one thing to do—kill off the elephants. This was done by giving licenses to kill twenty-five elephants, to *anyone*. Later a corps of government hunters was formed; and these men, with their armed native assistants, shot down whatever elephants they met, regardless of age or sex. The tusks thus obtained were sold at government ivory auctions held every few months in Mombasa.

V

Now the elephant has retreated into the most inaccessible, fever-ridden and overgrown sections of the continent, and there it is making its last stand.

A few years ago one might have prophesied with satisfaction and assurance that its ultimate extinction would be long delayed, due to the immense sheltering forests and towering mountain slopes of inner Africa. But how long can the elephant last, we must now ask, against the land-conquering automobile, the juggernaut on caterpillar tracks, and the all-seeing eye of the airplane and dirigible?

IX

THE IVORY-POACHERS

I

BEFORE we leave this period of latter-day destruction of the elephant in eastern Africa we shall have to consider another important class of its assailants. These additional enemies were the ivory-poachers; and an impudent, daredevil sort they were, with a courage, hardihood, and energy that might well have been put to better use.

A few of them made comfortable fortunes; most of them made but a hard and dangerous living as they stayed at it; and others met disappointment and sudden death.

A considerable portion of the ivory exported from Zanzibar and the east coast from 1900 to 1912 and thereabouts, was stolen ivory. The European and American traders knew it for that when they bought it, and the government officials, too, knew it was stolen ivory when they put their customs seals upon the tusks as they were brought across the borders. But the customs stamp of the territory in which the trader purchased the ivory made it honest ivory, technically, for commercial purposes; and

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the latter-day trader, like his predecessor of the days of the Arab raiding, was not concerned with the morals of its collecting.

There were, even only twenty years ago, several East African countries where this dangerous game of ivory-thieving went on apace, where lawlessness prevailed throughout a large extent of territory, and where elephants were shot with comparative immunity from governmental interference if one was adventurous enough to take chances with the hostile, uncontrolled natives in addition to the elephants.

One of these hunting-grounds was Portuguese East Africa, or Mozambique Territory. There were parts of this country the Portuguese hardly dared to enter, let alone enforce their hated laws. Adventurers crossed the line with only their own guns for their personal protection, shot whatever elephants they encountered, bluffed or fought or bribed the natives who attempted to oppose them or take by force the ivory which the poacher himself had taken lawlessly, recrossed the friendly boundary with their illicit gains, and sold the ivory to the Indian or Swahili traders who were always waiting just on the right side of the line for it. "Shooting" in the back parts of Portuguese East was synonymous with "poaching," for no sane hunter was fool enough to pay license and bribe money to the Portuguese for "protection" they could not give even themselves; and the chances were good that

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no Portygee game warden would be within a hundred miles of the sound of the poacher's gun.

Another beckoning El Dorado of wealth in stolen ivory was the Belgian Congo; to be more specific, the north-eastern part of it. Much the same lack of governmental authority obtained in that portion of the Congo Free State as in the Yao districts of Portuguese East. The poachers flocked over the upper Nile and the Uganda boundary and across Lake Albert almost without molestation at times, shot the biggest ivory out of the herds they met, and scurried back over the nearest British border with their loot.

The British lost much ivory themselves during this period, in the Turkana lands which lay within their East African possessions to the west of Lake Rudolph. This country, due to its remoteness and wildness, and general worthlessness compared with the rest of growing Kenya, was not effectively brought under control until a very few years ago. Prior to the Great War it was one of the most lawless parts of Africa, for the authority of Britain stopped almost completely at the Turkwell River, and beyond it the choicest blackguards of northeastern Africa gathered—Arabs, Swahilis, and wanted men who had been driven out of the settled parts of British East, criminals from the Sudan, and gangs of Abyssinian cut-throats—all after ivory and slaves.

It was the Congo basin all over again on a smaller scale, and though the British sent punitive expeditions

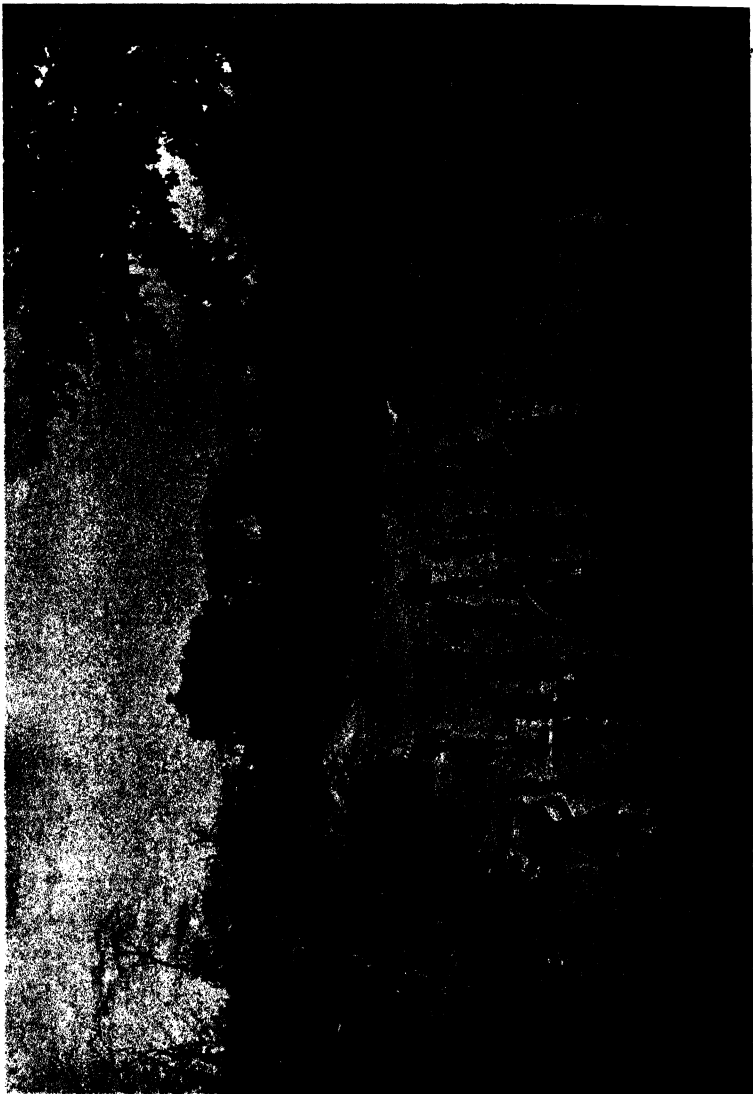
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into the country as often as the troops could be spared, usually the ivory and slave gangs got wind of them in time and hustled off the slaves over the Abyssinian frontier; and when the troops arrived the soldiers would find only semi-nomadic agricultural camps with not a particle of damning evidence about. Then when the *sirkar* (the government) had gone, the raiders would dig up the rifles and ivory from the narrow pits over which the inquisitive officers and troops actually had walked, and the brutal business of elephant slaughter, ivory-raiding and slave-catching would again go merrily and profitably on.

[Tons of ivory used for our piano keys, billiard balls, necklaces, and ornaments came, even up to only ten years ago, from elephants shot by the poachers and raiders in the Congo, Mozambique, and the Turkana, or was seized by them at the point of guns from those powerless to resist.

II

The ivory-poachers in the Congo and Mozambique were outspokenly contemptuous of the Belgians and the Portuguese, and with any kind of a sporting chance defied them openly if they met. Many times the guns of the ivory-poacher's party and those of the Belgian or Portuguese patrols were leveled at each other and the latter lowered first. One poacher of the writer's acquaintance, knowing, while engaged in the active pursuit of his pro-



THE BELGIAN CONGO WITH THEIR ILLICIT IVORY. THESE



THE POACHER WHO BLUFFED THE BELGIANS BY THREATS OF OPEN WAR WITHOUT QUARTER, ASTRIDE ONE OF HIS
MANY LAWLESS ELEPHANT-KILLS. THIS FINE PAIR OF STOLEN TUSKS WEIGHED ABOUT EIGHTY-FIVE
POUNDS EACH, AND WERE PURCHASED BY THE AUTHOR

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fession, that a Belgian party was about, sent word to them through native villagers that he was on his way to wipe them out on sight, as he had so much ivory he was not going to take any chance of losing it in a possible ambush; and the Belgian leader on hearing this pregnant bit of news made off promptly with all his men. Whereupon the nervy Britisher, who as a matter of fact had collected no ivory at all, owing to the hampering presence of the Belgians, scoured the district for elephants undisturbed, and amassed a little fortune in no time.

Another poacher, with a day's start, raced the Belgians to the Nile and got across it with his ivory, then sat down on the British bank with himself and his loot in plain view from the Belgian side, and waited for his pursuers to come up. So fluently, in French and Swahili, as well as English, did he curse and taunt the Belgian leader when he came in sight, that the Belgian scrambled into a canoe with some of his men and started to cross the river after him. The poacher sat down comfortably on a convenient hummock, arranged a spare rifle and a few little heaps of cartridges within easy reach, and proceeded to kick up little splashes all around the boat as it moved toward him, and finally, as the Belgian kept on, shot a paddle out of one of the canoeists' hands as an earnest of his intentions should they press the matter further. At this the *askari* paddlers, despite their officer, who was screaming orders at the top of his lungs, turned around and paddled back to the Belgian bank for dear life, the Belgian impotently

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shaking his fist and hurling gutter French over the stern; and thus a serious international incident—the invasion of British territory by armed foreigners—was avoided.

A classic of ivory-poaching is connected with one of the finest and heaviest lots of ivory that came out of East Africa for several years on either side of 1909. This poacher, on his first expedition, entered the northeastern Congo by ferrying across Lake Albert, and once on the Belgian shore marched boldly nearly a hundred miles directly into forbidden territory, disregarding the warning of his fellows that he was going altogether too far into hostile country. On the march in he passed through a well-known herd of several hundred elephants, but did not tarry among them, for another poacher had cleaned out all the big tuskers in a series of forays the year before and had sent several tons of ivory to the coast as a result of this hard labor. Once in the relatively virgin territory the hunter had marked out for his operations, the ivory tumbled fast. Two elephants were shot the first day, seven the next, and four on each of the two succeeding days. In nine days he had shot over thirty elephants and had amassed nearly two tons of fine ivory. It was prudent then to get back into British territory with the plunder as quickly as possible.

The poacher marched rapidly to the Nile, stopping only to shoot a few more elephants who crossed his path on the way; and there, near the Belgian bank of the river espied another poacher's camp, into which he proudly

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walked with all his ivory-bearers, only to find himself surrounded by Belgian *askaris*, by whom he was quickly subdued and bound. This camp had been captured in a surprise assault only a few days earlier by the Belgian party, the poacher escaping but leaving his guns and ivory behind. The ivory and guns of the second poacher were confiscated, his men flogged, and the poacher himself was to be taken to a Belgian station, where, of course, he would have stood an excellent chance of dying in a few months in the confinement of a Congo prison camp. He escaped at night and made his way across the river in the early daylight, and from his safe vantage watched the Belgians depart. He secured another rifle from a nearby Indian trader, and with this in hand, and with but one native to carry his meager equipment, followed the Belgians back into their own country, a day's march behind. Arriving near his former hunting-ground, the poacher waited another day for the Belgians to move out of gunshot-hearing, and then began to bowl over the elephants again.

In three days he had killed eighteen, and then, as he had no hatchet with which to chop out the tusks, had to wait eight days for the carcasses, which lay around him in a radius of about ten miles, to rot sufficiently so that he could work the tusks out of the heads, running the risk, meanwhile, that the Belgians would hear that he was again in the country and double back after him. But

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this time he got away with the ivory and reached the British line in safety.¹

About a year after this, in early 1910, occurred the "gold rush" in the Belgian Lado, mentioned in the previous chapter. All the confusion and lawlessness was, to the professional ivory poachers, just an incident in the day's work. They were annoyed and hampered somewhat, of course, by the competition, on all sides, of the amateur hunters who suddenly overran the district; but with the coming of the British occupation the poaching in the Lado ceased and the newcomers laid down their guns. But the professionals, mostly British, who had been operating there prior to the Belgian evacuation, simply extended their excursions over the *new* boundary line.

One of the most daring of these gentlemen of fortune, however, elected to play both sides of the boundary. He was hunted by Belgians and British alike. Finally he was given the unusual attention of having a special British force sent after him. This squad of native soldiers, headed by a British captain and non-com., chased him through the wild, dismal tangle of the Lado forests and swamps for weeks, clear over into Belgian territory, and finally, when the British force was about done up, their uniforms

¹ This ivory, which consisted of thirty-four tusks (one pair having been lost on the march) and which averaged over eighty pounds in weight, was purchased by the writer of this volume from the poacher himself, and were shown by the writer to some of the members of the Roosevelt expedition while in Mombasa. On his second foray, according to information which reached me, this man was caught poaching on the British side of the line and shot by their native soldiers while attempting to escape. Later information had it that he had met his death at the tusks of an elephant.

in shreds and their supplies exhausted, a lucky shot in a running fight found their man. He got away, however, but next day a native came into the British camp and said a white man was ill and wanted to see the officer at his camp a little way off. The officer, fearing a trick, decided to go alone, leaving the non-com., in charge of the government force. He entered the hut to which the native led him, and there found the man he sought lying wounded on a bed of leaves. The wounded man drew a revolver from underneath his blanket and covered the officer with it. After a short time he put it down, and died a few minutes later.

Whether this man actually had command of a number of small tribes and a loose political organization which welded them together for his safety and profit, as was claimed at the time, is open to doubt; but that unauthorized white men have been lords over thousands of natives for such purposes in East Africa, at about that time, is indisputable.

III

There is the indubitable case of John Boyes, that German-educated Englishman, hunter and ivory-trader who became "King of the Wakikuyu." He went into the uplands of Kenya just ahead of the construction work on the Uganda Railway to transport and trade in supplies for the working force of that undertaking. When Boyes struck out from the regular caravan trails he found him-

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self in a district that, though claimed by the British, was quite unoccupied and uncontrolled by them. There were considerable quantities of ivory there, and the acquisition of it became at once his chief concern. To remain alive in the country he had to make an alliance with the powerful Kikuyu chieftain; with him, to hold the partnership secure, he had to attack other tribes and defend the common cause against them, and this he did; so that soon he was every bit a king, with thousands of savages at his command, as well as a royal perquisite of ivory. With the proceeds of the ivory he purchased stores of guns and ammunition, and quickly developed a well-organized, well-armed, khaki-clad and disciplined native force which made him supreme in the unsettled district lying to the east of Lake Naivasha. The presence of this little army was too much for the government of British East, which was a bit jumpy, anyway, in those days. They asked Boyes to disarm his force, which he did, then arrested him and took the intrepid king and ivory-trader down to Mombasa, where they tried him on capital charges of setting up an unauthorized government within the British domain, of waging war on other tribes, and of being an outlaw generally; but Boyes did not hang, being triumphantly acquitted by the court instead.

It is not intended to present Boyes as an ivory-poacher, though there is little doubt he did hunt elephants illicitly.

The Britishers were the most numerous, the most dar-

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ing, and the most successful of the ivory-poachers, perhaps due to the fact that they had the best bases—British East, Uganda, and the Sudan—from which to conduct their forays, and also because the best elephant grounds, the Lado and the northeastern Belgian Congo, adjoined the British colonies. There were a few German poachers operating from German East Africa into Portuguese East across the line; but even in Portuguese East the majority of and the most successful poachers were Britishers working with the tacit consent, at least, if not the actual encouragement and connivance (for import-duty considerations), of the German officials. Of course both the British and German colonial authorities could have stopped the poaching and illicit ivory-trading over their boundary lines at once by the simple expedient of refusing to admit at their customs gates any tusks that did not bear the official stamp of the adjoining colony.

Ivory-poaching was a risky game at best, one which required the utmost nerve and determination, skill and patience, and the ability to overcome the severest physical and mental exhaustion. One need read only a few of the many books on elephant-shooting to understand this. The ivory-poacher took far more risks with the animals themselves than the sportsman; he plunged recklessly into the midst of the herds, for he was not after one specimen or two, but as many elephants as he could get, and the greater the herd he found himself among, the

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greater his elation and the greater danger, but, with luck, the greater profit, too. Without luck—well, one *must* have luck if one is to live to go after elephants alone on foot day after day.

IV

To digress a moment to the killer elephants. Some of these animals were as well known as individuals to the natives as the natives' own people; and the savages gave these elephants descriptive names in the same manner as their fathers did the Arab raiders. The stories of some of these belligerent animals, such as *Kom-Kom* ("The Mighty One"), *Tombacco*, and *Cherundu*, have been told by Sutherland in his great book on ivory-hunting.¹

The tusks of another of these distinguished and vicious elephants, after passing through the godown of the writer in Mombasa, now repose, harmlessly enough, in the ivory vaults of the Yankee ivory-cutters on the banks of the Connecticut, but not so long ago they were plunging through the depths of Tanganyika, the country that once was German East, in the great head of a famous old bull called *Mzay* ("The Old One") by the frightened natives. *Mzay* was undoubtedly more than a hundred years old, and therefore was a full-grown elephant long before the first Europeans, Burton and Speke, passed through Tanganyika, and an old elephant at the time Stanley traveled

¹ *The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter.*

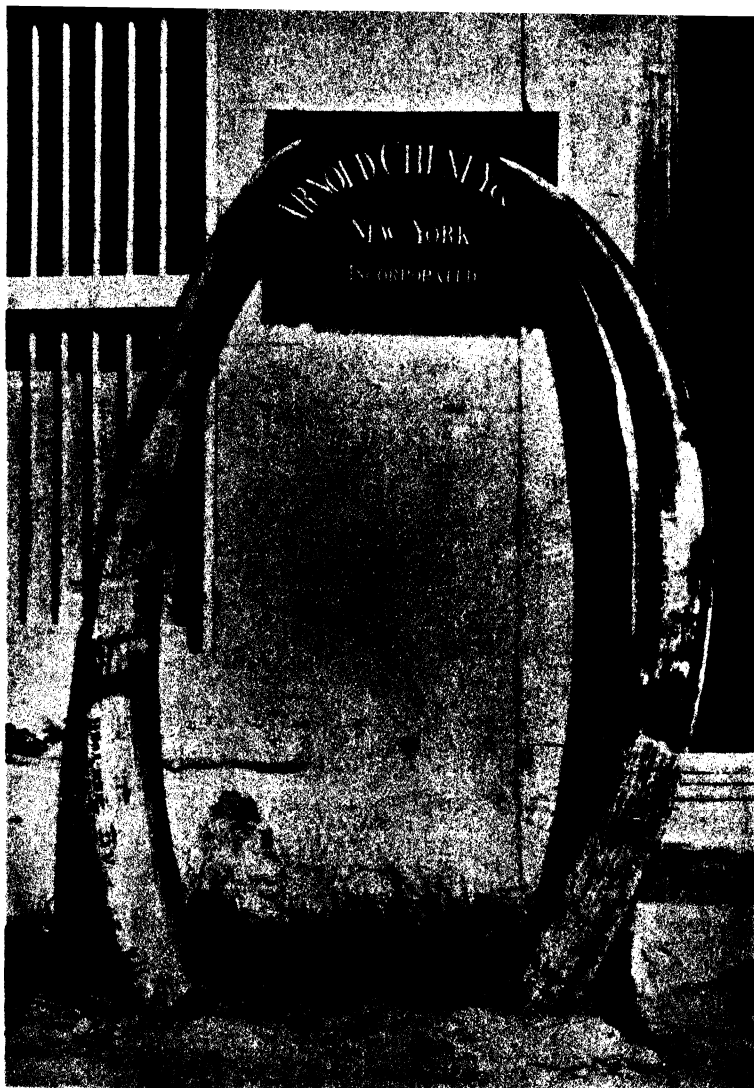
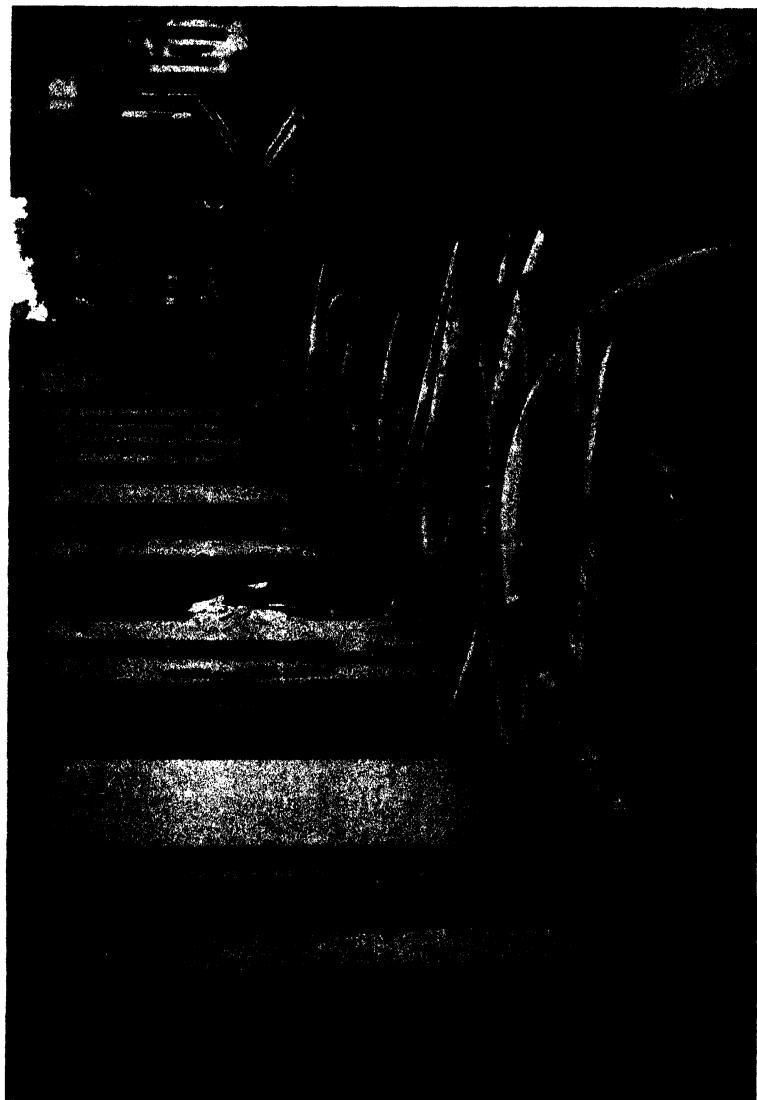


Photo by Douglas C. Despard

**THE DEADLY TUSKS OF OLD MZAY SULIMANI, THE KILLER-ELEPHANT. THESE
PLUNGING WEAPONS, DRIVEN BY TONS OF ANGRY FURY, WERE
THE LAST SIGHT SEEN BY MORE THAN ONE MAN**



IVORY TUSKS OUTSIDE THE AUTHOR'S GODOWN AT MOMBASA. THE FOREMOST TUSK HAS BEEN BROKEN OFF IN FIGHTING,
OR UPROOTING A TREE. THE LARGE ONE IN THE FOREGROUND HAS BEEN SPLIT BY A BULLET

across the country on his way to the side of Livingstone. *Mzay* bore a sinister and dangerous reputation, for he was known to have killed several men. A native hunter named Sulimani was at last sent after him, but The Old One killed Sulimani as he had the others before him. Thereupon, much as a trophy might be conferred, the victim's name was added to that of the victor's, so that the elephant was thereafter called *Mzay Sulimani*; and, as a further mark of distinction, he was ordered saved for the Crown Prince, who was soon to visit the colony on a shooting expedition. But the war intervened, and Friederich Wilhelm's name remained his own.

But finally *Mzay Sulimani* was brought down by a white hunter and taxidermist named Reese, from Tanga. Reese had pursued the old fellow for six years, had caught up with him several times and wounded him, but each time the wily old elephant had got away. The last time, however, as Reese turned aside his angry rush, he paralyzed him with a spine shot; and as the killer fell back on his hindquarters and faced his enemy in helpless rage, Reese poured eight more shots into him before *Mzay* crashed over on his side, knocking down several small trees as though they were tenpins. While the task of hacking out the 295 pounds of ivory from the huge fallen skull was going on Reese counted forty-two bullet wounds in the old fighter's heroic body, some of which he had inflicted himself years before.

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V

The last of the Tippoo Tibs, so to speak, while not the type of ivory-seeker who forms the basis of this chapter, falls naturally within these pages.

His name was Shundi, and he was a notorious character in his day, but unfortunately for his comparative ill fame, he came upon the scene just a trifle late. He was born a savage Kavirondo, one of that completely naked tribe that still lives on the shores of the Great Nyanza. When a youth he was captured in a slave raid, brought down to the coast, and sold to an Arab there, and soon, with considerable astuteness, gained the notice and favor of his Moslem owner by turning Mohammedan.

He was then equipped with firearms and sent into Tanganyika for ivory and slaves, in the quest of which he succeeded to such an extent that he was soon able to purchase his freedom and additional weapons and ammunition. He gathered around him a crowd of the worst natives and finest elephant-hunters, in the same persons, he could find, and soon became, by his dominating force and ruthlessness, a power in the country around Kiliminjaro and to the south of that great mountain; so that when the Germans established themselves on the mainland there and needed the coöperation of certain master minds to strengthen their grasp on the interior country, they took Shundi's bloody hand in theirs and appointed this ruffian of a black savage a "political agent," and, in

lieu of an adequate salary in cash, gave him the monopoly of the elephant-hunting and ivory-findings in the district which he had terrorized. He had hundreds of slaves—not nominal, but actual, and this was only thirty years ago—armed with old muzzle-loaders, under his command, and they created dreadful havoc among the elephant herds in the district. In the course of the ensuing slaughter the old bull of Kiliminjaro which yielded the record ivory tusks (which will be described in a later chapter) met his end.

Shundi finally became so subversive to authority and so obnoxious as to be a menace to the government, and finally was driven out of the country. With a select band of his banditti he traversed a good part of East Africa, looking for a new district in which they might recoup their lost prestige and profits, and finally found their haven in the Karamojo and Turkana lands near Lake Rudolph. Here there was no civilized authority. The control of the British did not extend beyond the Turkwell River on the southern boundary of the chosen land, and north and east of it a wild, turbulent country stretched away to the loose frontiers of Abyssinia. Hardly a white man, save the explorers Teleki and Von Höhnelt and the ivory-hunter Neumann, had ever seen it.

There were great herds of elephants with heavy tusks, and slaves to raid for, and Shundi there began again the brutal and forceful methods of oppression of both animals and humans by which he had risen to eminence in

Tanganyika. He gathered, among other things, a harem of nearly a hundred women. But Shundi's new fortune was to desert him, too. The Karamojans put up with him for a few years, and then, not so docile as the natives of Tanganyika, fell suddenly upon him and his henchmen and speared them all.

Some of the white traders also overreached themselves and met with violent, untimely ends. There was Fenwick, an Englishman who hunted elephants around the lower end of Lake Nyassa, and also acted as an agent for a Makololo chieftain named Chipitula in the disposal of that native ruler's ivory. In the course of this latter business the chief accused the Englishman of withholding a portion of the proceeds. Both were somewhat drunk, and bitter words passed between them. At length the native insulted Fenwick with an unbearable epithet, and the latter drew his revolver and killed the chief on the spot. He then seized a canoe and gained an island in the lake near by, where he took refuge in a mass of reeds. The tribesmen surrounded him, but dared not approach, for Fenwick was known to be a dead shot, so they contented themselves with watching him, knowing he could not get away. In the evening the man's thirst drove him to the water's edge to drink, and there the waiting natives poured a volley into him, and afterward cut his body to pieces and threw them to the crocodiles.

Charley Stokes was an Irish adventurer. He was one of the first European ivory traders and hunters in

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Uganda, a contemporary of the first permanent missionaries there, in the early 'nineties. He had a large gang of elephant-hunters under him, well armed and munitioned, and he sought in every way to become the decisive force in the country in order to sell the services of his might to the highest European bidders, whoever they might be. He was the hope of the native king, Mwanga, in his fight against the British missionaries and the coming British rule, and had promised the king he would bring him large quantities of rifles, cartridges, and other warlike material; while at the same time to the British missionaries he announced himself the agent of the British consul, and offered them British assistance in return for their help in getting Mwanga's ivory.

On the coming of the real British authority in the person of Lugard (who had himself been a professional ivory-hunter near Lake Nyassa but a few years before), Stokes, still impudent, brazened it out. He boasted to Lugard that he could circumvent all Lugard's legal authority in forbidding the issuing of arms and powder to the Ugandans by supplying it, ostensibly, to his Manyuema elephant-hunters, who defied Lugard's authority, instead; and said that the demand for powder was so great that he could make a profit of £250 (about \$1,250) on *every porter's bale*! The British administrator, quickly realizing that such profits could not, with his meager force, successfully be fought, promised to do all he could

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to foster Stokes's legitimate trade and said that he would store his ivory for him.

But the lure of big profits in both arms and ivory was too much for Stokes. He transferred his activities across the British line into the Congo, and in return for the great quantities of ivory the Arab pillagers gave him (their usual outlets to the south being stopped by the fighting with the Belgians, who were advancing to shatter the power of the slave and ivory raiders) he supplied them with guns and ammunition to aid them in their fight against the invading Europeans. There Stokes was caught by a Belgian force, in the act of delivering arms and powder to one Kibongi, who was the actual murderer of Emin Pasha, and the officer in command summarily hanged him.

Arabs, slaves, poachers, traders—death slogged along with all in the tragic quest of ivory.

X

THE ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD

I

NO COMPREHENSIVE story of the gathering of ivory would be complete that did not include an attempt at answering the widespread and almost inevitable inquiries:

What becomes of the old elephants? Do they go away to die? Is there an elephant graveyard on some almost inaccessible mountain slope or in some secret, hidden valley or vast underground place or cavern, to which the old elephants repair when they feel dissolution approaching and there give up the pachydermic ghost amid the bones and tusks of ancestors and brothers on a pile of ivory worth millions and millions, on which some lucky man will stumble to make a sudden, swollen fortune?

The answer to the popular and perennial question regarding the existence of the "elephant cemetery" is, to the best of this writer's belief, *no*; though he does believe, after being long a seeker of ivory on the coast and in the hinterland of East Africa, that there are vast accumulations of ivory existent at this very day there that

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never have been seen by man, and probably never will be.

Many hunters and naturalists who have tramped over East and Central Africa have never seen the carcass or skeleton of an elephant that had not fallen to a bullet or spear or trap of some kind. In the course of the writer's quest of ivory he never met anyone who had seen the remains of an elephant that had died a natural death, and he knew and talked on the subject with many an elephant-hunter there.

Nevertheless, dead elephants, having succumbed to natural deaths of various kinds, have been found in many places and at many times. Mungo Park tells us, in describing his travels in Africa at the close of the eighteenth century, that elephant tusks were frequently found in the forests, and that travelers searched diligently for them. Burton, in his account of his East African expedition of the late 'fifties, said that the bodies of many elephants that had died from thirst were found in Ugogo during times of drought; he speaks while there of being well relieved of the presence of an importunate chief who, hearing that a dead elephant had been found within his jurisdiction, hurried off to join the feast; also that at Ujiji the Arabs compelled the natives to surrender all their "found" ivory to them. Baker, in the 'sixties, speaks of dead elephants floating down the river before him; two within a few days. Von Höhnel, the historian of the expedition of Count Teleki, the Austrian explorer of

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East Africa in the 'eighties, tells of their meeting with, in the Leikipia country to the east of the Victoria Nyanza, "the skeleton of a young male elephant with the tusks still in the head." Stigand, a modern elephant-hunter of note, seems to feel no astonishment at the finding of elephant carcasses, for he mentions in the most casual way that the natives will, if they find a dead elephant, bring in a stick corresponding to the length of ivory protruding from the gums, and a piece of bark to indicate the girth of the tusks.

For the writer's account he might remark the tusks that he has handled, dozens of them, from numerous localities, bearing the marks of hyenas' teeth. Sometimes the tusks were scarred or chewed for a foot or more from the tip; and it is plain that they came from elephants that had died a natural death; for had the animals been killed by either whites or blacks the tusks would have been taken out and not left for hyenas to maul.

But these findings or evidences of "naturally dead" elephants do not absolutely disprove the "graveyard" legend; not *all* the elephants, feeling early death creeping on them, could be expected to succeed in making their way to the final rendezvous. And as it does not seem as if enough of these carcasses have been found to answer the question completely, the query persists—what becomes of the rest?

Volume after volume of elephant lore and adventure may be scanned without uncovering a single reference

to this interesting subject, and if one does unearth one, in all likelihood it will be a statement similar to that made by Lugard, a professional elephant-hunter himself at one time, who wrote that he was utterly at a loss to imagine what became of the bones of elephants that had died a natural death. In the years, he said, that he had frequented the jungles of India and Burma and traversed the haunts of vast herds of elephants in Nyassaland and the borders of the Congo Free State, he had never seen an elephant's skull or bones save such as had fallen by the rifle. As to what became of those that died a natural death he said he could offer no suggestion or speculation, and that the thing was a complete mystery to him, as it was to all sportsmen whom he had met.

There are a number of reasons, however, that readily will occur to those seeking an explanation of this seemingly unnatural state of things. One is, it takes a long time for an elephant to live and die in nature's cycle, for the elephant apparently is immune to epidemics which carry off other species by the hundreds of thousands at times; they have no enemies among the other beasts of Africa. Selous speaks of "ruthless man" as the "only living thing which could work him—the elephant—harm"; and they are among the longest-lived of all animals. During their lengthy span of life they are hunted constantly, intensively, it might be said, in the more accessible and populated districts, and stand a very good chance of falling to a bullet or perishing by native traps

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or spears before they are ready to die on their own account, as it were. (It was not entirely braggadocio, the claim of the native chief who said, "*Tembo* [the elephant] does not die. We kill him!") And as the elephant grows older the more difficult it is to avoid and meet danger; the more often, especially in the case of the bull, it is alone, without the protection the very numbers of the herd give it; while at the same time the more vigorously it is pursued for its larger tusks.

If the beast dies through natural causes in some hidden spot, it does not take long for most of it to disappear. The flesh goes quickly; the hyenas, jackals, and birds attend to that, the ants and the crawlies clean the bones: the white heap that is left is quickly lost in the growing jungle, and often never found by man. No doubt in the depths of the Congo forest there are hundreds of these hidden and solitary remains, in remote spots where the footprints of man have not fallen more than once in a decade for centuries past.

II

But these scattered remains, considerable though they may be in the aggregate, do not form the basis of the belief of the writer in the great hidden accumulations of ivory treasure that he is sure exist.

From the accounts of ivory-hunter acquaintances and the evidence of many water-perished and crocodile-marked tusks handled, comes the conviction that there is

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a vast amount of ivory in the bottoms of the larger African swamps, lakes, and rivers, some of it buried deeply under mud and silt and decayed vegetation; a belief based on the theory that the old elephants, particularly the bulls, who often wander or are driven away from the herds in their crabbed old age, are often bogged in swamps or are caught in the muddy edges of the lakes and streams, or are exhausted and drowned in swimming across them, especially in flood times. In these cases the carcasses would quickly be disposed of by crocodiles, and the skeletons would sink to the bottom; the skull, weighted by the ivory tusks, would bury itself quickly out of sight, and the smaller bones soon be covered with muck and silt. (It is believed by some of the East African old-timers that in particular the Great Lorian Swamp, on the northeastern frontier of Kenya Colony, is a likely repository of elephant remains.) Of course much of this buried ivory must be rotted or worthless, but there still must be large quantities in good or fair condition.

In support of the theory of a lost treasure in ivory and as further explanation of the mysterious disappearance of dead elephants there is both fact and superstition. It is a fact that most of the remains that have been found of fossil elephants—the mammoths—have been discovered in swamps or in soil once covered by water. The superstition is this: a fancy of the African natives is that when the elephant feels its time is up, it will start

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off in some direction, and will follow that course blindly and obstinately until it dies, and that sooner or later, unless it happens to meet death at a hunter's hands, it will strike a stream or larger body of water. Into this, no matter how weak the beast may be, or how broad or violent the water, the elephant stubbornly will make its way, and perhaps perish. (Can there be any remote connection between this reputed instinct of the gigantic elephant of tropical Africa and the well-authenticated marches ending in watery death, of the diminutive lemmings of arctic Europe?)

Bell, the elephant-hunter, who, next to Sutherland, probably has shot more elephants than any man now alive, once thought he had found the long-sought elephant cemetery. He was in the country north of Lake Rudolph, near the British East Abyssinian frontier, and there, skirting the base of a prominent peak, found a well-worn elephant path, which, followed for some miles, brought him to a little grassy plateau surrounded by lava hills. In the midst of this space lay dotted huge skulls and other bones of elephants, some half-buried in the ground. It seemed as though the quest for the elusive "elephant graveyard" had been successful at last, and that fortune lay within his grasp. On studying the place, however, he found no recent remains, and search disclosed a number of clear green pools among the grass. Around the rims of the pools were lines of glistening white powder; evidently the lines were high-water marks. Bell tasted the

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green water; it was very bitter from a heavy impregnation of natron (sodium carbonate). Reluctantly Bell came to the final conclusion that in a time of drought the elephants whose bones now lay about drank the natron-impregnated water and had died therefrom.

But Powell Cotton, another of the famous elephant hunters of old British East, claims to have actually found one of these legendary "cemeteries" in the same Turkana country in which Bell met his disappointment. He told of a bit of dreary landscape near a mountain called Zunut, in which lay a brackish pond and a small, detached steeply-rising mound from which one could look over the surrounding plain.

"From the top of this mass," he wrote, "I scanned the country with my glasses. In all my journeying through elephant country I do not think I had ever come across a skeleton of one of these beasts for whose death the guides could not account, and on no occasion did I see two skeletons together. Here I was surprised to find the whole countryside scattered with remains, the fitful sun, as it straggled through the clouds, lighting up glistening bones in every direction.

"My guide called this 'The place where the elephants come to die,' and assured me it was no fell disease which had decimated a vast herd, as I at first imagined, but that when the elephants felt sick, they would deliberately come long distances to lay their bones in this spot.

"I had heard of these 'cemeteries' from Swahili traders,

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who told me they had occasionally found more ivory than they could carry, but I had regarded this story as a myth till here, before my very eyes, lay the proof of its truth.

"The place was well known to the Turkana, who regularly visited it to carry off the tusks. However, before we left the district my men found several small ones."

There is a stranger story on the subject, which the writer heard at first hand from the hunter himself. The hunter believes, from his experience, that "elephant graveyards" may exist. The experience was this:

He and another hunter were elephant-shooting in the country around Mount Kiliminjaro, in Tanganyika, and came upon an elephant path such as neither had ever seen before. It was a road, rather than a path, fifty to sixty feet wide, worn down by the passage, in the course of time, of thousands of elephants. This broad road they followed for a mile or more. It led them to the brink of a river which flowed down off the mountain, apparently, and the road continued unbroken right to the water's edge. There was not a sign of any kind to indicate that the elephants had come to the stream merely to drink and afterwards had retraced their steps, it was plain that they had gone into the water. The hunters crossed the river to pick up the trail on the other side, but there was no trail there! The two of them spent a number of weeks at the spot, trying to find the continuation of the elephant road, but could find no trace of those elephants coming out of the water on either side of the stream,

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after searching ten miles or more up and down both banks, and finally they gave up the search, completely baffled, but with a feeling they have never been able to quite down, that somewhere in the vicinity, under its bank, there was a subterranean passage or chamber into which those elephants had gone and where their ivory would be found.

The elephant-cemetery story may have been started by the natives finding a group of skeletons, as Bell did, of elephants that had died from drinking from a poison-impregnated water hole, or from lack of water during a severe drought, as Burton reports, and then the tale enlarged, in native fashion, as it was given from mouth to mouth; but the stubborn fact that so many constant hunters, through years of wandering, have never seen the remains of an elephant that had died a natural death, when according to all natural and mathematical reasoning there should be many such carcasses found, still plagues us.

Possibly the answer to it all is this: they *are* found, not by the white hunters, who are few, but by the natives, who are many. For when an elephant dies its huge carcass probably does not lie long before its presence is noticed by a vulture or some other winged scavenger ever on the lookout from its lofty position in the sky, for carrion on the earth below. The bird, as it circles high in the air above the body preparatory to descending, attracts others of its kind; and then the attention of the natives is drawn

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to the commotion in the sky. If the elephant dies in some secluded forest spot the hyenas and the jackals soon will smell it out. The ensuing fighting and noise around the dead beast will attract the natives with equal promptness. From these manifestations it is, of course, easy to plot the position of the carcass, which soon is cut up for the meat, the ivory cut out, and the bones scattered.

III

That there are any great hoards of ivory hidden away in the interior years ago by Tippoo Tib, Abed bin Salim, or others of their stripe, is unlikely, though there was an old Zanzibar tale of one of the ivory and slave raiders who, to escape his plundered and aroused enemies, was said to have hidden his ivory loot by burying the tusks hurriedly in the shore of a near-by lake, just under the water's edge.

A great cache of ivory that undoubtedly once did exist, however, was that of Emin Pasha's. He was, you recollect, the governor of "Equatorial Province," which includes what is now the Lado Enclave, north of the Victoria Nyanza. The expenses of this province had been met regularly by the sale of ivory, and at the time of the organization of Stanley's "Emin Expedition" it was reliably reported by Junker that Emin had seventy-five tons or more of it on hand. This, if brought to the coast and sold, would go a long way toward paying the cost of the rescue party. It was to carry this ivory out (as well as

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to take relief supplies in) that Tippoo Tib was to provide the 600 carriers Stanley contracted with him for.

But Emin, who should go down to posterity as an example of callous human ingratitude as well as a scholar of Oriental and African languages and a pursuer of lepidoptera (black ones included, for he had a generous harem of native beauties), had no idea whatever of giving up his store of ivory for the profit or relief of anyone else—for he knew he would be rescued, anyway, ivory money or no. So, instead of emerging from the interior under Stanley's protection with his seventy-five tons or more of ivory—which undoubtedly he had—as his contribution toward the expense of the saving of his all but worthless skin, the ingrate turned up for the beginning of the march to the coast with only a few score tusks of mediocre size and quality, and claimed they were all he owned!

After his recovery from his drunken accident at the celebration dinner on reaching the coast, he again entered the interior, and made his way to the fringes of his old domain, seeking, it was generally believed in Zanzibar at the time, to salvage and fetch out the cache of ivory he had left behind. It was on this journey that he was stabbed to death by the Arab underling Kibongi.

Whether the hoard still exists in some deeply hidden spot in the Lado or along the headwaters of the Nile, no one knows. Many of the ivory-poachers who overran the Lado in 1910 were looking for it, as undoubtedly

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many others did before and have since. But at any rate, so far as the ivory trade knows, "Emin's ivory" never has been found.

One of the most likely statements regarding a mysterious hoard of ivory in recent years was made in the writer's hearing by an old Indian trader, Alidina Tajpod, to the collector of customs in Mombasa, and was to the effect that if the government would ask no questions as to where or how the ivory was obtained, he would bring out ivory that would pay a *lakh* of rupees in duty to the government. As the duty was 25 per cent, that would mean ivory to the value of, say, including the Indian's profit, 600,000 rupees, or about \$200,000 U. S. But that would be only about 500 big tusks—only a part of the ivory that passed through the port in a year at that time. However, this collection of ivory, if it did exist, was not brought out in any such wholesale fashion, for much as the collector would have welcomed the revenue to swell his customs report, he could not suspend the ivory regulations, and he was far too sporting to hale the trader before the government for an explanation; or possibly he realized that the wily old fellow had made the statement in the presence of a witness who would testify to the agreement in case the ivory was produced or defend the Indian in the event that he was called to account for his proposal. (The fascinating question suggests itself: *could this have been part of "Emin's ivory"?*)

It is assumed through a considerable portion of the

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ivory trade that there is a large quantity of ivory being held back by the natives and small traders in the Belgian Congo particularly, for the return of better prices. This ivory is not in large collections, but is in small parcels of single tusks or pairs or possible dozens of teeth scattered all through the vast interior. When the price goes up, the ivory will come out.

Undoubtedly the greatest collections of ivory in the world today are those gathered every three months for the quarterly "sales" at Antwerp and London. These accumulations vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty *tons*. They do not represent that much new ivory each time, for large consignments are often withdrawn from one auction and held over until the next. Antwerp, owing to its connection with Belgium's immense Congo territories, is now the largest ivory market in the world.

IV

There is a great supply of prehistoric ivory of the mammoth still available in northern Siberia, along the Lena's mouths and on the islands opposite to the east.

There lies the nearest approach to the fabled "elephant cemetery," for the tundra is fairly filled with mammoth remains; in some spots the earth seems to be built up of them. The fossil tusks actually stick out of the ground in places: and literal landslides of ivory occur.

What drove all these prehistoric elephants to this spot

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at the water's edge—like a migration of gigantic lemmings—there to perish in some Arctic catastrophe?

This ivory is, of course, thousands and thousands of years old, and also, as might be expected, in large part spoiled and perished; and so the commerce of the world ignores it. There is also, though it is not generally known, a large deposit of fossil ivory in Colombia, in South America.

All this prehistoric ivory is relatively worthless commercially, so long as a good supply of African elephant ivory may be had.

XI

JEWELS OF THE NOBLE ELEPHANT

I

EVERY pair of tusks offered in the market place represents, unfortunately, a dead elephant; and the destruction of these huge, majestic animals for the comparatively few pounds of ivory they carry has often aroused the pity and scorn of humanitarians and economists.

One Count Povoleri, who in his day (1892) seems to have been something of a dabbler in the subject, once exclaimed in black and white that "a more humane method of obtaining ivory" should be adopted, and that "an elephant's tusks, which are solid, can be cut off with a sharp saw"; and a commentator of the time on this goes on to say, "If the work were gone about in the right way, the tusks might be removed without the destruction of the animal, and his life spared to grow new ones."

Unfortunately, our nobleman's and his commentator's ingenuous suggestions are fraught with difficulties and limitations. In the first place, one would have to catch one's elephant, and the African elephant has not the sheeplike disposition of his Asiatic brother, by any

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means. Then again, his tusks are not solid. A large portion of the tusk is hollow, and this hollow part contains a pulp similar to that within our own teeth. (The tusks are the elephant's upper incisor teeth, and grow during his entire lifetime, both outwardly, increasing in length and girth, and inwardly, as the nerve or pulp chamber within the head constricts and recedes as the elephant ages. "Teeth" is the term by which ivory tusks are known in the trade; Marco Polo, you may remember, called them such in his report of the commerce of "Zanguebar" five hundred years ago.)

Then, only one-half of the *exposed* portion of the tusk can be cut off; if cut higher, the softer ivory near the pulp cavity, or the pulp itself, might be touched, and the animal suffer an excruciating toothache. As for removing the tusks, it is to smile. Only a half or two-thirds of the tusk is seen in a living head, the remainder being set deeply in the frontal bones of the skull; their curve is such that they nearly meet in the skull, on a line about even with the eyes. It takes hours of careful chopping to get them out of a fresh kill, or more exactly, two to four hours to chop a pair of good-sized tusks out of a full grown bull elephant, and about a quarter of the time to cut the ivory out of the head of a cow.

The best ivory hatchets, by the way, have always come from America. Even sixty and seventy years ago, the old-time hunters tell us, they used "superior American hatchets" which they "carried expressly for the purpose"

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of cutting out their ivory. The proper chopping of a pair of tusks out of an elephant's head is work for an expert, else the tusks may be chipped in a way to impair their value seriously. It is a hard business on the hatchets and knives because of the sand and grit which always is imbedded deeply in the coarse, rough skin.

A better way of removal is to "draw" the tusks, by loosening them, after the holding tissues have become sufficiently decomposed, with a quick tug, and then working them out gradually. After a carcass has lain from three to five days the uppermost tusk—that is, the one that sticks up in the air as the elephant lies on its side—can be drawn, and the tusk which lies along the ground about two days later. Taken out in this manner, the tusks are smooth and undamaged in the hollow or "bamboo" end. (The "ground" tusk, in the old days, was the one customarily claimed by the chief of the district in which the dead elephant was killed or found.)

Finally, to get back to our commentator and dispose of his absurdities, an elephant cannot grow a new pair of tusks to replace the old ones, any more than a man can grow a new set of teeth to take the place of those his dentist has removed.

Possibly the suggestions of the gentlemen we have quoted originated from observances of zoo and circus elephants, which are not uncommonly presented to their publics with tusks from which the points have been sawed. But all the ivory cut from living animals actually

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would be, compared to the world's needs of that article, even less than the oft-sung drop in the proverbial bucket.

Neither does the elephant shed his tusks, so there is no hope from that quarter. Occasionally, however, an elephant will come down so hard that a tusk may be loosened enough to allow its being drawn out at once; but the strangest happening in this direction is the case of the elephant shot in the heart, who in his death throes shook his head so violently that one of his tusks flew out and landed some distance away! It was diseased badly, the hunter explained, and would have fallen out soon, anyway.

The monarch of the African forest dies to yield his ivory. You may be sure that your bit of ivory came from an elephant slaughtered expressly for the ivory it carried.

II

As to the number of elephants killed each year for their ivory, this has been estimated by various authorities as from 40,000 to 100,000 prior to 1900; but an accurate calculation of this kind was quite impossible then, for reliable export figures were kept at only a few of the many ports through which ivory was exported from Africa; and an accurate determination is almost equally impossible now, for though export statistics are fairly complete in these days, there still remains the stumbling-block, almost fatal in itself, of differentiating between old and new ivory; that is, between tusks that have come

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from elephants that have long been dead, and those taken from animals recently killed.

Because of these and other circumstances, no one ever has been able to say, authoritatively and definitely, within reasonably accurate limits, how many African elephants have been killed in any one year for their ivory. One can do no more than guess, the relative accuracy of the speculation depending largely on the source of the information, and the experience, preferably within the ivory trade, of the estimator. It being apparently a common, almost invariable, custom on the part of those writing about the ivory trade, to make some statement as to the extent of elephant slaughter, this writer will conform to *dusturi*, though only with respect to the period of which he has personal knowledge.

The writer saw over 20,000 elephant tusks pass through the ivory godowns of Zanzibar and Mombasa in a single year. Now allowing for single tuskers, and for former pairs of which one tusk had been lost in one way or another, 20,000 tusks means nearly 10,500 dead elephants; killed for their ivory, nothing else. If about half, say, of these tusks had been shot within the year, that meant 5,000 or more elephants removed from the herds to supply these two markets alone. Probably a total of as many more tusks, or possibly a greater number, passed through the combined marts of the other East African ports and Aden and Khartum. Then besides all this ivory that came out of the eastern half of the continent, an

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even greater stream, probably, poured through the many ivory outlets on the western edge of Africa.

It is, from this method of reasoning, the writer's belief that somewhere around 30,000 elephants were killed annually in Africa in the years from 1905 to about 1912; but the chances are that the number has been less since.

Thirty thousand dead elephants! If they could have been collected in one spot, and piled on top of one another, they would have made a pyramid measuring well over 300 feet along the base on each of its four sides, and about 300 feet high! If one has ever seen the bulk of one African elephant stretched out on the ground the statement will not seem so incredible.

The moot question as to whether most of the ivory comes from freshly killed or long-dead elephants has, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, never been settled by any records kept on the subject. At Aden, Arabia, where he secured tons of Abyssinian ivory collected as taxes and tributes by Menelik, King of Ethiopia, little of it showed signs of having recently been in a living head. On the other hand, this condition apparently was reversed in the country to the south. At Zanzibar and Mombasa the greater number of tusks were small, under 30 pounds in weight, and the writer bought only the larger ones. (A dozen of these tusks might weigh more than several dozens of the smaller sorts.) Although the writer saw them all, he paid little attention to the freshness or staleness of the small teeth laid out in rows on the

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godown floors; but as to the larger tusks, practically every one that came down from the interior, save those taken out by the sportsmen who did not offer them for sale, came into the godowns of the author and was inspected individually and carefully by him. There the evidence of decay, dryness, or cleanliness, on the one hand, and recent bloodstains, dried tissue and the like, on the other, could not be overlooked. With this experience, and taking the sportsmen's ivory into consideration (theirs was, of course, all freshly shot), the writer has no hesitancy in declaring that by far the greater number of the *large* tusks that passed out of the east coast in the first decade of the century came from freshly killed elephants.

The big tuskers have been almost entirely killed off. Consider this: in the 'eighties and earlier large prime tusks commonly averaged 80 to 90 pounds in weight; after the turn of the century, the teeth were running 65 to 70 pounds average for a good, heavy lot; and now a lot of 55 pounds average is considered good weight. (In speaking of the average weight of ivory tusks, the figure given is the average of a collection of "prime" teeth in which no individual tusk is under 40 pounds in weight.)

The biggest tusks have been taken. Never again, in all likelihood, will a patriarch of the herds yield a pair to equal those from the old bull shot by Shundi's slave with a muzzle-loader at the base of Kiliminjaro in 1898. They weighed 228 and 232 pounds, together nearly a quarter of a ton; and they measured nearly 24 feet long placed



AN ELEPHANT SKULL, SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE TUSKS ARE
IMBEDDED: AND BELOW A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED TUSK



ONE OF THE TWO RECORD "KILIMNJARO TUSKS," SHOWN ALSO IN THE FRONTISPIECE TO THIS VOLUME. THIS TOOTH WEIGHED 4.16

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end to end. The then Zanzibar agent of the writer's firm bought them for a thousand pounds sterling—nearly five thousand dollars—the greatest price that has ever been paid for the tusks of a single elephant. The slave who shot the animal said that, as the elephant stood, his tusks almost reached the ground, so long were they and so much their weight bowed down the old fellow's head. He was not a big elephant; but he had the high shoulders and sloped away in the back "like a hyena," the kind the old Arabs in Zanzibar always said carried the heaviest ivory. The tusks made a great sensation not only in the East African world, but in Europe and America as well. They were exhibited in Tiffany's windows in New York, and Schillings tells us in his book how he was commissioned to buy them on behalf of a German museum, but failed. After much traveling and exhibiting, one of the great pair found a resting-place in the British Museum of Natural History in South Kensington; the other passed into the hands of ivory-cutters in Sheffield, who, it is understood, have it in their private collection.

As to whether these are the largest tusks ever secured from an elephant we cannot be quite sure. Burton, in 1872, spoke of hearing of a pair weighing approximately 280 pounds each, that had been sent from Mozambique to the king of Portugal, and Von Höhnelt tells us that his ivory-trader guide, Jumbe Kimemeta, knew of a tusk which weighed 264 pounds. But at any rate, the two

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Kiliminjaro tusks are the largest of which there is any generally accepted record.

The heaviest tusks secured by the writer were a pair of blunt-pointed, chunky "gendi" teeth (hard ivory from the Congo), one of which weighed 164 pounds and the other 168. They were, so it was supposed generally, the heaviest to come out of East Africa around that time. The longest he obtained were two slender, tapered "Zanzibari" teeth which measured a trifle over nine and a half feet each on the outside curve, but whose practical utility to the ivory-cutters was—since the degree of curvature of a tusk is responsible for the greater or less number of wedges of scrap left over after the first rough square blocks are cut—in inverse relation to the beauty of their graceful sweep.

III

There are many kinds of ivory, or "descriptions," as they are called in the trade. There are geographical sorts such as Congo, Zanzibari, Uganda, Ambriz, Angola, Mozambique, Sudanese, Egyptian, Abyssinian, Gaboon, Senegalese, and so on; other kinds with names based on the uses to which the ivory is put, such as ball and bangle; and still other varieties called by such odd names as scrivelloes, bagatelles, gendi and cutch. All these are classified, further, by their physical condition, into prime, defective, diseased, shaky, and perished; and then

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there are also two main classifications into which all ivory falls, hard ivory and soft ivory.

Soft ivory is by far the more desirable of the two kinds. It has a more compact texture within the tusk, so that it is of a milky or creamy white color in its natural state, while hard ivory has more the suggestion of skimmed milk. Cut into wafers, soft ivory is opaque, it might be said, while hard ivory is translucent. Soft ivory contains more of the oil or waxy substance which contributes to the polish, and, probably also for the same reason, is more amenable to the working tool than the hard. It stands climatic changes better, and is not so easily cracked or split. Yet, with the strange perversity of the stuff, some soft ivory, such as Egyptian, is more brittle than most hard kinds. "Ivory" Smith, a colleague of the writer's in Aden and East Africa, said that during his apprenticeship on the London Ivory Docks a tusk of Egyptian suddenly cracked with a noise like a pistol shot, the unexpected report scaring everyone out of his wits temporarily.

As to what causes an elephant to develop hard or soft ivory is not exactly known. Selous, who might know, if anyone did, told the writer he thought it was due to "something, mineral perhaps, in the soil or water"; while one of the poachers, who, it is feared, was not much of a naturalist, even though he was a first-rate killer of elephants, said it was "something the blighter ate." Possibly the amount of rainfall or vegetation is responsible,

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for the eastern half of Central Africa, from which the soft ivory comes, is on the whole more arid, relatively, and more open as to growth, than the hard ivory country of the western half of the central belt of the continent, over which more rainfall is distributed, resulting in a considerably denser vegetation.

There are male and female tusks, of course, or, to be more accurate, the tusks of the male and those of the female. The big tusks, and the wide sweeping or curved ones, or those with an oval-like cross section and with the nerve out of center, are from the bulls. The tusks of the cow elephant are short and straight, almost perfectly round, with the nerve running straight through the center, and are seldom more than three and a half inches in diameter and four or five feet long. It is from these female tusks that billiard balls are turned; and this kind of ivory is, pound for pound, the most valuable. The bigger tusks from the males provide the ivory needed for piano keys, toilet sets, cutlery handles and the like, and that required for general purposes.

The Arabs of Zanzibar called the large male tusks, in the Swahili language, *bori*; the smaller male tusks, *vi-bori*; and the female tusks, *galasha*. There were also classifications in colloquial Arabic such as *rooba-arj* (quarter ivory) for the small tusks, *noos-arj* (half ivory) for the medium-sized, *arj* for the largest, *mashmush* for the damaged and defective teeth of all sizes, and *shela-bela* for a mixed lot of various kinds.

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Zanzibari, the softest and loveliest of all ivory, comes mostly from what is now Tanganyika territory. The name of the little isle of spice off the East African coast was fastened to it through the hundreds of years Zanzibar was the seat of government from which the Imams of Muscat ruled their conquests on the East African mainland, during which time the ivory was brought from the continent to the emporiums of Zanzibar for transshipment to the outside Moslem and infidel worlds. (This circumstance accounts for the confusion of Marco Polo in telling us of the "vast numbers" of elephants found in the little fifty-mile island.) Zanzibari teeth are beautifully shaped in wide, sweeping, out-turned curves, gracefully slender; the skin is a light cream yellow or the slightly lighter color we know generally as "ivory"; and fine, light-blue hair lines run lengthwise in the tusk.

The prime qualities of ivory are, first, the soft white beauty of its lustrous texture and the symmetry of its grain; next, the exquisiteness of its contact when touched with the human hand; and also its pliant adaptability to the working tool of the carver, turner, and sawyer, and the brush and colors of the artist.

Cut across the tusk, ivory, in its natural state, shows a beautiful, symmetrical, radial design, like the engine-turning on the inside of an opened watch case. One glimpses this in examining an ivory billiard ball. The graining varies greatly in a single tusk. It will be finest

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in the center and toward the point of the tusk, and coarser, often with definitely marked sections rather than lines, at the hollow end, or "bamboo." The figure or grain plays an important part in the sale of ivory articles. The fashion in pianos, for instance, calls for as great as possible an absence of grain, whereas in toilet sets and cutlery a definitely marked grain is preferred.

Nothing else in the world has quite the same "touch" as ivory. It is for this quality as much as for its beauty that ivory is used for the keyboards of fine pianos. Ivory is yielding, yet firm; cool, yet never cold or warm, whatever the temperature; smooth to the point of slipperiness, so that the fingers may glide from key to key instantly, yet presenting just enough friction for the slightest touch of the finger to catch and depress the key, and to keep the hardest blow from sliding and losing its power; in short, it is the perfect material for the use. Compare its "feel" with any substitute—celluloid, for instance; there is no comparison. This same "touch" and grace of ivory in toilet sets pleases the sensitive hands of femininity; and even in coarser male hands an ivory billiard ball feels like one apart from the common kind, and prompts inquiry and compliment.

It is for yet another unique quality that ivory is used for billiard balls; and in this desired peculiarity, too, it has no equal. The resilience or rebound of ivory is quite unlike that of other materials; it has the faculty of "hug-

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ging" the object it strikes, instead of jumping away as in the case of rubber; and, in seeming contradiction, also of springing away instantly the billiard cue strikes it, with a far more easily controlled speed and force than any other material used for the game.

IV

It is to be regretted that if the elephant must be slaughtered, only the tusks, such a small part relatively of such a huge body, are of value to the killer. For the other teeth, which are of a curious, up-ended, layer-like formation entirely unlike the tusks, are no good for any commercial purpose; and the hide does not possess the qualities to pay the cost of its removal, transportation, and tanning. The white hunter may roast a bit of heart or make a soup out of part of the trunk; and if there are enough natives about they will cut up the elephant completely for the meat and fat.

But the substance of one elephant will go a long way. When several are killed together, as is frequently the case with the professional hunters or poachers, there is no use whatever for anything but the ivory; the tusks are chopped from the big heads, and the great carcasses abandoned to the scavengers and the elements.

Once in a while one may see an umbrella stand inside a Nairobi, Mombasa, or Zanzibar doorway, made of an elephant's foreleg cut off just below the joint, scooped

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out with the tough hide left intact. It dries as hard as iron, and almost as heavy.

The most extraordinary use, perhaps, to which elephant remains have been put, is related by Livingstone. In passing up the River Shiré in Nyassaland, near the wonderful Elephant Marsh, a spot where the animals habitually congregated in vast numbers (Livingstone once saw 800 at a time, and two miles of elephants in single file another time there) the steamer's fuel ran out. The nearest trees lay behind miles of impassable swamps. But finding a spot where some elephants had been killed, Livingstone took the bones aboard, and with them got up steam to continue the journey "briskly" to a point where a fresh cargo of wood fuel could be obtained.

But outside of the tusks, too often all of that which once roamed a true monarch of the forest goes to the slinking hyenas, the wheeling vultures, and the ants.

Must the killing for ivory go on until, as so many writers on Africa tell us must be the case, the elephant is exterminated throughout the whole continent as it has been in so much of it already? Let us answer with another question. Can we find a substitute for ivory that will give us equal grace, delight, and satisfaction? Claims in the affirmative have been put forth on behalf of many kinds of *ersatz* ivory, but the plain fact is, there is no wholly adequate substitute.

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It is not complimentary to our vaunted civilization and technical knowledge that our chemists and inventors cannot—though often they have tried—give us some material that in beauty and in touch will prove a satisfactory alternate for the jewels of the noble elephant.

XII

THE LATER EAST COAST IVORY TRADE

I

NOW, with the wild periods of ivory-raiding and uncontrolled slaughter of the elephant over, with ivory regulations set up and enforced over the greater part of east Central Africa, how is it that all that ivory, those twenty thousand tusks of all sizes that crowded the customs and filled the ivory godowns of Zanzibar and Mombasa, could be collected in a single year?

In the first place, the ivory came from a widespread territory. For Africa is a huge continent, nearly half again as large as North America, nearly twice as large as South America, nearly three times as large as all Europe; and for all the great northeastern quarter of it and a considerable area below the equator as well, there were only four ivory marts of importance—Zanzibar, Mombasa, Aden, and Khartum; and by far the greater of these were the first two.

There was the old ivory, from long-dead animals, found in big bleached skulls in out-of-the-way places in the forests; and scattered tusks or collections found here and there, often, no doubt, the treasure of some native

THE LATER EAST COAST IVORY TRADE

village long since disappeared through flame or sickness, or lost from old slave caravans, or abandoned because of various emergencies. Some of the collections of old tusks came through trade with native chieftains, particularly those of over the borders of the Congo Free State and Portuguese East Africa, in which territories the inaccessibility of the districts, the meager policing forces, and the resistance by the natives to the brutalities and tactlessness of the invading Europeans made the ivory laws too dangerous to enforce.

In British East the ivory was well controlled; the natives were compelled to give up the ivory they found, for which a fixed price was paid; the elephant-shooting regulations were enforced; and the policing of the country was adequate to carry out the governmental policies with reasonably satisfactory results. The ivory turned in by the natives was put up at government auctions at Mombasa every few months. The Indian traders in their small posts through the country were the collectors of much miscellaneous ivory; they would gather a few tusks here and there, and start them toward their broker compatriots at Entebbe, Jinja, or Kisumu; and on the way to the coast they would join other scattered tusks traded in at other points, so that when the ivory reached the coast, there to be sold, there might be a dozen or a hundred teeth in the lot.

Other ivory was collected by Goanese and Swahili caravans in the remote and unsettled sections of the

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colonies. Special licenses for trading with the natives were issued to certain approved leaders who had the backing of Indian merchants who financed the expeditions and supplied the cattle and other articles of barter. The caravan leaders were obliged to specify the tribes they proposed to visit; and the expeditions had to be of sufficient numbers, and carry an adequate equipment of rifles and ammunition to ensure their safety. On the return the ivory had to be declared at the first government post, where the ivory tax was paid and the tusks branded with the Customs stamp; and then the owner could do with them as he saw fit.

Not all these caravans were as peaceful and law-abiding as they seemed to be. They were, once they had reached the farther districts, much in the same position as the old Arabs had been, and it is not surprising that some of them took advantage of the situation. It was not so easy to loot for ivory, however, for the natives knew its value and generally kept it hidden well. But by paying good prices in cattle and cotton goods, the traders soon brought it out. Then, as in the old Arab days, came the sudden departure, the seizing of the flocks, including the cattle they had traded, and the carrying off of the younger women. These would be sold at the first opportunity, preferably near the Abyssinian border, for more ivory, and the favored caravan would then march innocently into the Government post with its profit in elephants' teeth, and submit the tusks for the legitimizing seal.

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"Flying columns" were frequently sent out on rumors of these practices, but guilt was hard to prove. There were fair-sized skirmishes and running fights at times, however, with dead traders and raiders pitched into a common ditch at the end.

Then besides the old ivory, there was the freshly shot. In the writer's time the sportsmen were allowed two elephants on their licenses. They would shoot the two, but often would be content with but one pair of tusks for trophies; and so would sell the others to help pay the cost of the hunting. Then there were the government hunters, who were dispatched frequently to kill off destructive elephants in the districts well settled by either blacks or whites. And the poachers. They shot whole herds of elephants over in the Congo, particularly in that part that once was Belgian just west of the upper Nile, during the disorganized period as the Belgians were moving out and before the British moved in. They shot hundreds, too, in the back parts of Portuguese East, and brought the ivory over into German territory and then distributed it between the Mombasa and Zanzibar markets. The Germans and the Britishers welcomed the ivory as it came over their border lines, and took the import duty and waved the ivory along without any question whatever. Why shouldn't they? they asked themselves. They kept the law in their colonies, and it took money and patience and guts to do it, and if the Belgians and the Portuguese couldn't keep order and enforce the regulations in their

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territories, it *was* a bit unfortunate; but nevertheless, they reflected, it's an ill wind . . .

The trading expeditions previously referred to did a considerable amount of surreptitious elephant shooting to augment their supplies of ivory. It was an easy matter to so doctor the outside of the tusks as to make them appear several years old to substantiate the claim of the possessors that they had been traded for.

The natives accounted for some of the freshly killed ivory in this way: in many parts of the country they were permitted, within the district in which they had been born and had lived a requisite number of years, to hunt the elephants, and the ivory so obtained became their property; and this was true in both British and Belgian territories. The successful hunter was required to bring the tusks to the nearest governmental post, declare them, and pay a small tax thereon, and then they became legitimate articles of commerce. In the eastern part of the Belgian Congo, however, it was much cheaper to transport the ivory to the east coast through British territory than westward through the Belgian domain, and so for tusks going eastward a better price could be obtained, despite the import duty; so it was a common lapse for the native hunters to forget the exigencies of the Belgian colonial exchequer entirely and make for the British border, where the Indian traders would buy it promptly and send it along with the first caravan to the lake and from there to the east coast.

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There were other ways in which the ivory was gathered at the east coast in these later years, but these methods and sources constituted the principal means by which it was collected; and the territory from which the ivory was taken is nearly as large as that of the United States east of the Mississippi.

II

Where once the human carrier bore the weight of ivory from the center of the continent to the coast, now, of course, the greater part of the transport is done by the inland steamer, the railway, and the motor. But still the black man carries the tusks on the earlier stages of the journey as he did before, for he offers the only practicable means of bringing the ivory out of the deep recesses of the far, tangled country in which the elephants are concentrating for their last stand, to the motor road, the lake, or railway line where it is turned over to the mechanical carriers of civilization.

But this portorage is now the labor of freemen, for the slave irons have been broken asunder, never, we hope, to be forged again. This is not to say there is no more slavery in East Africa. There is. It is mainly an unobtrusive intratribal, and domestic type of servitude; but nevertheless it is the holding and buying and selling of human bodies. (In the writer's time, say 1908, the price to a white man of a young native girl in the back districts of British and German East ran about 250 rupees, about

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\$80. In 1920, he has just been told by an elephant-hunter of that time, it was about 300 rupees, or \$100. The interior of Portuguese East was, twenty years ago, a welter of open slavery and raiding; it would be idle to expect it to be much better now.)

That group of professional ivory porters of the old Arab days, the Wanyamwezi, that is to say, the people of Unyamwezi, had no sinecure in their chosen vocation. In this tribe, it might first be explained, no man could marry, according to the tribal law, until he had carried a load of ivory to the coast and returned with another of *merikani* or other trade goods.

They carried their heavy loads day after day for months, for a pittance, receiving for the 350-mile march from Tabora to the coast, their rations and a bit of cotton cloth to the value of four Zanzibar dollars, or about two and a half of ours! The Arabs, on whom the supplying of their food devolved, gorged and starved them alternately, knowing that a man ravenous for food is far more grateful for a filled belly than one to whom the pangs of hunger are unknown. These ill-fed creatures carried often five and six *frasilahs* of ivory—175 to 200 pounds—daily for weeks, even months, on their journey to the coast: the badges of their office were the callous pads, an inch thick or even more, the tusks raised on their aching shoulders.

But to balance the hard work and poor pay, the Wanyamwezi porters were the *élite* of the file—"the

grandees of the gang," Burton termed them. They marched directly after the *kirangozi*, the flag-bearer, at the front of the procession. From the tip of the tusk, which pointed forward, was hung a cow bell or some other noisy device; and to the stump end of the tusk was lashed the porter's personal luggage—his earthen cooking-pot, water gourd, and sleeping-mat—much as the billy and other worldly goods of the Australian sun-downer are tied to the end of the stick carried over his shoulder.

The Arabs, keen psychologists, who long ago discovered that the most poorly paid employees often are capable of doing the greatest amount of work with the greatest amount of enthusiasm if only they are given some showy but relatively unimportant post or title, fostered the *dusturi*, or custom, that the bearing of the largest tusk carried with it the place of honor immediately behind the flag-bearer of the caravan, and the bearing of the next largest tusk the next position, and so on. Many the bloody fracas with flying knives and sticks took place over these somewhat dubious honors of precedence.

If the tusk was too heavy for one man to carry, it was carried in the fashion known as *mzigi-zigi*; that is, in a cradle lashed to a pole shouldered by a porter both front and rear.

The marching was done, usually, only in the morning and forenoon hours; the usual Arab rate was four to six miles a day. A few hours of dawdling at the beginning,

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a frenzied middle hour, and hours more of dawdling at the end, was the customary schedule of the march.

In Kenya, the Wakamba, who dominated the ivory trade there in the stirring times, paid even less, relatively, than did the Arabs of Tanganyika. For the round trip march of from 1,200 to 1,500 miles into the far interior to the great ivory sources the porters were paid the equivalent of about ten Zanzibar dollars—a little less than seven of ours—and for this wage they carried a burden of half a hundredweight in, and sometimes double or more that weight in ivory out, on a journey that often required six months or more for its completion!

The ivory still bobs up and down in the long lines of marching men on the weary trek to the lake or railhead or motor road, and then swiftly it gains the coast in as many days as it took months not so long ago. Then it sails around the Horn of Africa, up the Red Sea, through the Mediterranean, under the ramparts of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic; and finally much of it is put ashore on the banks of the Connecticut, just a little way in from the Sound, at a little village which, curiously enough, considering the tragic connection of ivory and the black man, bears the same name as that of an old Negro spiritual—Deep River. One may be motoring down the Saybrook road toward the Sound, and suddenly come upon a team loaded with ivory tusks! From the Congo to the Connecticut! to be alliterative. There in Deep

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River and the neighboring town of Ivoryton the children have for generations been born to the touch of ivory, and have cut their teeth on ivory rings. And if you browsed around the back yards of the old houses of the early villagers you would find, before long, outhouses with ivory doorknobs.

Ivory-working was one of America's early industries, and these Yankee ivory-cutters are among the oldest surviving companies of manufacturers of any kind in America. For when the first fruits of the barter of the pioneer Yankee traders on the east coast of Africa reached the banks of the Connecticut, the ivory was cut on the same spot where the present factories stand; that was 125 years ago, and Thomas Jefferson was then President of these United States.

One knows, of course, that ivory is used for carvings, for cutlery and other handles, for billiard balls, miniatures, and other objects; but, if we except the Indian bangle trade, more ivory is used for piano keys than for all other purposes combined.

The Yankee ivory-cutters of Deep River and Ivoryton, Connecticut, and a third American company located in Buffalo together manufacture the keyboards for practically all of the pianos made in this country, Canada, and Australia, and are the largest individual users of ivory in the world. The demand of these three American factories influences almost to a dominating degree the price of ivory even in the remotest depths of Africa.

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III

The Arabs, as has been shown, first controlled the East African ivory trade, first legitimately, then by force; but with the overthrow of the Moslem power and the reinstatement of peaceful bargaining in place of violence, the Arab's domination of the ivory business ceased.

The Arab was not a good business man; but, the reader may depend on it, the British Indian is. The Indian passed into the country from Zanzibar, where he had long been established as a money-lender and broker and had in many instances been the actual financier and partner in the Arab raiding expeditions, and established small trading-posts throughout the land; and so shrewd and cunning was he, with such an aptitude for all kinds of petty and wearying details, and so proficient in his dealings, that soon he controlled practically all the business with the natives; and so he does to this day. A few white adventurers sought to trade in ivory directly with the natives in interior, but they soon found they could not compete with the Indian economically or in the extent of their operations. So the white ivory-traders in the interior passed as factors in the business, as had the Arabs before them, and the Indian took up the task of getting the ivory out of the governed parts of the country. At his little trading-stations scattered in the interior the Indian barterers *merikani* and other native necessities, gathering a single tusk here, a pair of teeth there, and a

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dozen or a score or more wherever they are offered, and sends them to Mombasa or to Zanzibar, where the white representatives of the ivory firms of Europe and America wait for the ivory to be brought to their godowns.

This may be taken literally. It was the fixed, unalterable rule of *Nyumba Pemb*i,¹ over which the writer presided, and the generally enforced rule of the other establishments, never to sort or purchase ivory except in their own godowns. Any ivory the Indians or Arabs proposed to sell them had to be brought to the white traders' houses; and very seldom was a collection of ivory examined with a view to purchase unless it was within their doors. Nor was it examined promptly when it was received, but locked up at once, and the seller told to come around again that day week, or so, to get his answer. Now this was not the laziness of the moment, nor was it merely the vagary of disagreeable purchasers. It was but the ordinary prudence needed in the playing of the game.

The British Indian is a trader of the first class; he is also, to give full credit to his undoubted capabilities, one of the most artful rascals that infest the earth. *Caveat emptor* is the rule in the ivory business; and the Indian's tricks are every bit as devious as those of the versified heathen Chinese. He stands tusks on their points and fills the hollow ends with water, which the ivory absorbs readily enough; and water at the price of ivory, should

¹ Ivory House.

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the tusks be weighed and paid for before it dries out again, is highly profitable to the seller. The white traders often found molten lead that had been poured into the hollow of the tusk, or an inch or two of small shot backed up with beeswax so the shot would stay; and stones and wood wedged in the tusk; and what not. It was useful for any buyer to be able to read the Gujarati numerals the Indians marked on the tusks, for if the white man's weight was the higher, there was a trick to be uncovered.

The Indian, too, is a past master in the art of juggling prices, grades, and proportions, so that after the less agile-minded white has made what he supposes is an equitable compromise with the Indian and has received his ivory and paid out the purchase goods or money, he invariably finds that all the concessions have been, in real effect, on his part and none on his dark antagonist's. It is very seldom that a white man ever gets the better of a British Indian. If a white trader makes a proposal and the Indian takes it up at once, the white man should immediately repudiate the offer and retire to a quiet corner to check his figures, for certainly he has made a mistake somewhere. The Indian always was too smart for the white man, but when the white got a chance to trick a competitor of his own hue, he invariably tried. There were no ethics in the ivory business.

One of the common tricks was this. An important inspection of an ivory tusk is of the hollow end, into

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which the buyer thrusts a pointed rod with which he prods and otherwise attacks the apex of the hollow, endeavoring to dislodge the little beans which indicate the presence of diseased and therefore waste ivory within the tusk. If he was successful in this, and then did not wish to buy the tusk, he went at it more savagely than before, and when at last it seemed certain that no more beans could be dislodged, so that it would appear a normal, healthy tooth, he would reject it and tell the Indian or Arab to take it to a white competitor, who would examine it in the same manner, but finding no disease beans, would, the first trader hoped, purchase it for what it seemed to be.

To guard as much as possible against this and other forms of trickery, the writer, in his ivory-buying, employed scouts to shadow the ivory that came over in every dhow or steamer from the mainland or down the railway line, customarily resorted to bribery of the Indian merchants' underlings, and placed spies at the entrances to competitors' godowns to count the tusks of ivory that went in and came out of hostile doors, as well as to detect double-crossing on the part of the bribees.

Nor was the everyday chicanery confined to the Indians and the white traders. The colonial governments themselves abetted the ivory-poachers operating in the adjoining sovereignties by receiving the stolen ivory at the border gladly, on payment of the import duty. The

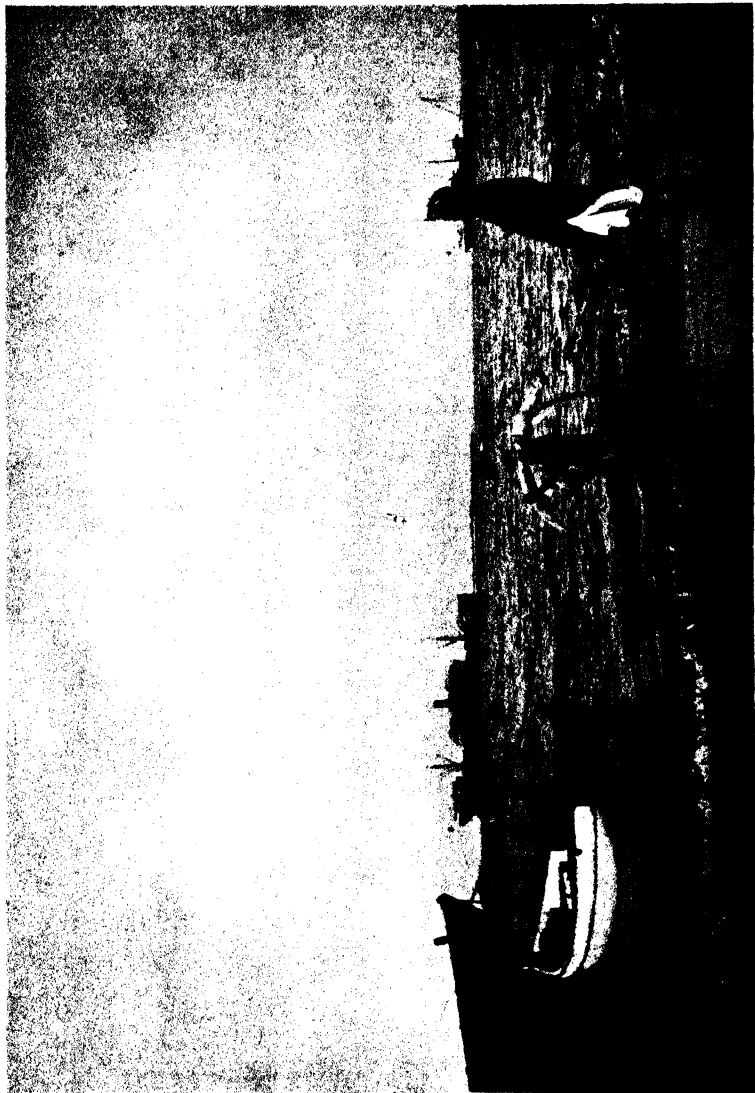
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traders bought tons of ivory that everyone knew had come from well within the Congo, and there was not a Belgian customs brand on a tusk of it. The poachers themselves often brought it to the coast and to Zanzibar and told of how they got it, to all and sundry. But lest the traders be accused as fences for stolen goods, let it be understood that when the government stamp of the colony in which they bought the ivory was put on the tusks as they came over the border, the tusks became honest ivory for all commercial purposes.

It was the custom to quote, buy, and sell ivory in Mombasa and Zanzibar in Zanzibar dollars per *frasilah*. There were two prices to each sale—the *bay ya moja*, or “first price,” and the *bay ya hisabu*, or “account price.” The first price was the basis on which the transaction was made. The account price was fixed after the tusks had been weighed, which was not done until after the purchase or first price was agreed upon. There was a certain arbitrary average weight to which the first price applied; and if the tusks averaged above that weight a certain portion of a Zanzibar dollar was added to the first price, for each average pound over; and if the lot averaged below the arbitrary weight, the same portion was deducted for each average pound under. Then by dividing the total number of pounds by 35, and multiplying the number of *frasilahs* thus obtained by the account price, the total number of Zanzibar dollars was ascertained. But



A GOVERNMENT IVORY ACTION IN BEAVER CREEK



SHIPPING IVORY FROM THE BEACH AT ZANZIBAR. THE "HAMALS" WADE INTO THE WATER AND DEPOSIT THE TUSKS IN THE SMALL BOATS. FROM THEM THEY ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE LIGHTERS, WHICH ARE TOWED OUT ALONGSIDE THE SHIP AT ANCHOR IN THE ROADSTEAD

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the ivory could not be paid for in Zanzibar dollars, even after all this, because there were not any such coins in the realm.¹ So to escape from this impossible situation the mythical Zanzibar dollars were divided by an arbitrary point-four-seven, and that gave the number of Indian rupees that actually passed.

IV

In the living head the ivory tusks are white or almost so, and gleam in the blazing sun of Africa, but in the ivory marts at the coast were hundreds at a time in all shades to a deep blood color or a heavy brown. The dark brown teeth, and those with the brownish spots, were known as *gendi*, and came from the countries beyond the lakes: it was their characteristic, to their commercial detriment, to spot soon after removal from the head; and this light-brown blemish darkened and spread until often the whole tooth was fairly blackened by it.

The ruddy-colored tusks were tinted in another fashion. They had once been placed upon the rafters of an Arab *tembe* in the interior, and so acquired their color from long exposure to the smoke and heat that arose to the top of those unventilated dwellings, much as a meerschaum pipe is colored by similar influences. This color of old mahogany, as it might be described, could

¹ The Zanzibar, or Maria Theresa, dollar went out of circulation in Zanzibar when the Indian rupee came in with the British Protectorate, but the term as a unit of value continued, through force of *dusturi*, to be used.

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be removed by scrubbing with warm blood or with cow dung mixed with water. It was the custom in the old days to do this on the beach which fronts the town; and this spectacle was the cause of some gullible traveler of the time writing down the startling assertion that ivory was so plentiful about Zanzibar that it was washed up on the beach by the sea!

The traders kept their ivory in heavily barred godowns under the living quarters of their houses, away from light and moisture, in rat-proof vaults. Rats do great damage to ivory, and invariably they pick out the softest tusks (which are also the most valuable) because of the greater amount of oily matter they contain.

So in the ways we have described the ivory was collected tusk by tusk, lot by lot, for several weeks between the steamer sailings, and often a hundred or more were dispatched in a single shipment.

Years before, in preparing the ivory for the journey, each tusk was sewn individually in a burlap covering, but much careless handling and damage in transit occurred. In later days, therefore, the traders merely stenciled the shipping marks and port of destination on the bare tusks and shipped them, without any protection save the appeal of the ivory itself, "I am precious; treat me well."

Thus in naked beauty it was carted to the customs and lightered to the waiting ship at anchor in the roadstead.

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The loading net embraced the tusks, a shrill whistle blew, the tusks swung high in air and through the yawning hatch. . . .

The blood-red sun of Africa would never shine on them again.

XIII

ZANZIBAR TODAY

I

STROLLING through the streets and bazaars of old Zanzibar, seeing the strings of slaves weaving through the town, the owner and auctioneer at the head calling his wares as he walked, the piles of plundered ivory stained with the blood of beast and man, the stands of muskets, the kegs of powder and cases of caps, one might well have pondered, "Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

So, in a measure, it has come to pass; for Zanzibar, once the great metropolis of the east coast, the sovereign realm of the Muscates, the island capital of what was in all but name a great Mohammedan empire in Central Africa, now sits among the ashes of the past, her blood-stained prosperity and power but a sullen memory. She sees the produce that once came to her now pass down the railways the infidels have built to the mainland harbors that were but her ferry ports, and there loaded in the bottoms that once took their cargoes from her. And the ships that come from Europe now unload the freights

that once were brought to Zanzibar, at the railway ports in exchange for the material they take away.

The commercial supremacy of Zanzibar vanished with the transfer of the trade in ivory and *merikani* to the coast termini of the thin iron ribbons which could collect and distribute the stuffs of commerce faster and cheaper than the human carriers of the Zanzibaris; for it was Zanzibar's position as an *entrepot* that had been responsible for her primacy of the east-coast trading ports, not the consuming power of the little island itself.

Where once the spoils of elephants of all the great territories of Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and the Congo flowed through the narrow streets of Zanzibar by the thousands, now there are brought over from the mainland barely as many dozen of the precious tusks. With her slave trade destroyed at its source by the force of British, Belgian and German arms, and her ivory trade diverted by the building of the railways along the very caravan routes her Arab sons established, Zanzibar holds but a fragment now of the pride and wealth that once was hers.

And not only the material loss: the dignity is gone as well. Zanzibar is now a vassal state of Britain—a protectorate, so called to save the Arab face, but a subject land, withal. With the decline of her commercial supremacy, the consuls soon deserted her. The American, who came the first of all, whose consulate antedated even that of Britain, migrated to inland Nairobi, that upstart

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corrugated iron capital of Kenya on the Athi veldt; the others quickly followed suit, or lingered at Mombasa on the way. The author laments this personally, for the occupants of Ivory House, as our trading-establishment was called, were the American consuls at Zanzibar for scores of years. We were, in Zanzibar, as the Spragues of Gibraltar.

II

But there is something that Zanzibar has not lost, however—her beauty and her romance. The old Mombasa, that other Arab citadel of the east coast, died when the railway, the dock at Kilindini, and the auto came, and when the commerce attendant on the white man's settlement of Kenya cluttered its streets with motor lorries and scores of bungalows sprang up along the road out to Ras Serani. But no such modern excrescences mar the voluptuousness and grace of Zanzibar. The loss of her commerce has been the saving of her beauty; and that is much, in this destroying age.

Zanzibar, happily, is not impoverished; she has still enough to live on, perhaps not in quite the style to which she had once become accustomed, but it is a fair income, and one which seems secure, for it is based on what is almost a world monopoly. This commodity is cloves. You may be as sure that the cloves you buy came from Zanzibar as that your bit of ivory came from an elephant that was slaughtered for its tusks. Pyramids of cloves

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touch the ceilings of the customs godowns; the scent of cloves blankets the jumbled, whitewashed town; their fragrance greets the traveler on shipboard as the shore breeze ripples the waters of the roadstead.

III

No longer do the "white-winged *dhow*s carrying slaves and ivory" ply between the mainland and the Arab metropolis of eastern Africa, or strings of slaves shamble in their fetters through the narrow alleys of Zanzibar. Gone are the markets of human misery, and no longer are the worthless bodies of black men freed from earthly torment cast upon the coral beach to bloat and rot until the tides float them off among the other rubbish. The once great river of ivory tusks, sprinkled with the life blood of unhappy slaves as well as of the animals who bore the treasure through the distant forests, is now a trickling narrow ribbon, and the dagger of the perfumed Arab has been snatched from out his bloody hands.

But Zanzibar is still the Paris, and the Sodom and Gomorrah as well, of the east-coast littoral. Here is the style, the life, of the Afro-Arab world; and beneath the smiling, smirking exterior of the damnably lovely spot there still lurk all the vices and iniquities in the Moham-medan catalogue of delight, and a slavery that is yet to be erased completely, for the Arab's predilections do not change.

THE END

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